

Calling All GIRLS

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Powers model

TELLS HER BEAUTY ROUTINE

SHE'S cute and pert, this Caroline O'Connor. And right on her toes! Caroline is a Powers Model—and knows that, unlike love, the camera isn't blind. Flaws are taboo. So Caroline's beauty routine has to work.

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"I always make sure of getting a real dose of shuteye. And I eat three good meals a day—regular! I consider breakfast especially important. Me, I'm a fan for Wheaties. These whole wheat flakes taste wonderful. Several times a week, my breakfast includes a big bowlful," says Caroline.

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Caroline O'Connor



IT WAS still there, now in the corner window of Campbell's Dress Shop and cunningly set off by navy blue to make it bloom all the more. Liz Young sighed with relief and hurried on to cash her pay check. It was still there, the date dress of all date dresses. It was a perfect color—yellow. Just the yellow that a mother or an aunt would admire, saying, "It will do things for you, dear."

But whoever had designed the dress hadn't had mothers and aunts in mind. She'd had Liz Young in mind, and Robin Perry. She'd thought of Liz's lithe slimmness when she had artfully shirred the side seams of the snug top. She'd known of Robin's love of dancing, and had gored a skirt for twirling. She'd known they often sang snatches of chorus as they danced effortlessly, and she'd sprinkled black grace notes in a melodic sweep. Oh, it was the dress for Liz Young, and as soon as she cashed her check, she was going to own that wicked little buttercup of a dress.

Mother had been opposed to Liz's working after school.

"If you'd wait until summer," she'd said, "I'd have nothing to say against it."

The dress would be gone long before summer. It would be gone in less than a month, for wasn't the greatest of all the name bands coming to Lambertville just three weeks from Saturday for a one-night stand?

The neatly printed card under the dress notified the passing parade that it was available for \$19.95. Nineteen-ninety-five was a lot to pay for such a butterfly dress, but somebody in the high school crowd could surely persuade a grumbling father that she just had to have the dress for the dance at the Westmoreland Hotel. Just had to, if she was to do justice to Kenny Maitland's music; just had to, if she wanted to make a splash; just had to, if she was to be

The Dress

Liz worked out her plans so no one could prevent her from buying it. And no one really did

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

happy. Liz knew all about fathers and she'd have got the \$19.95 from her own mock-grumbling dad if it hadn't been for the war. The war had changed Daddy from an easy-going, adoring grumbler to a hard-eyed, we'll-have-no-nonsense father. At least, he was a we'll-have-no-nonsense father about money. Robin said his dad

was that way, too, nowadays.

"It's because they were in the last war," Robin explained. "They can't fight in this one, but they're awfully stubborn about home-front stuff. You know, War Bonds, wear it out, make it do."

"And don't have any fun," Liz finished.

It hadn't been too bad, until

Why, Robin was discussing things with her! This was the first time. Liz was tongue-tied.



suddenly there was the dress. And Liz knew that Daddy would never give her the money—not for Kenny Maitland's band, not for her first hotel dance, not for Robin Perry who'd be going away one of these days to learn to be a navigator.

"Not for the whole United States Army Air Forces," Liz could almost hear Daddy say.

It was on a Thursday afternoon that Liz had seen the dress in the teen department, known Daddy wouldn't give her the money, mourned hopelessly, and had her great idea all in the space of five minutes. More purposeful than any businessman in Lambertville, she strode to the nearest newsstand for a copy of the *Courier* and dashed into the corner drugstore for a coke and a fast glance at the want ads. Like an answer to a prayer, there it was, the next to the last ad. "Wanted: High school boy or girl to work afternoons and Saturdays. Franklin Printing & Engraving Co."

Franklin Printing & Engraving was just around the corner, and Liz was there as fast as her shoes would move.

"I came about the job," she said hesitantly to the old man who shuffled up to her. He looked *ninety*!

"Oh, the job," he mumbled. "You'll need to see Mr. Fred." And he led her into a cubbyhole office cluttered with cuts and proofs and papers. "I'll get him."

Mr. Fred was ancient, too, and pleasant but firm. The job began just as soon as she could get downtown from school, and no fiddle-faddle on the way. Saturdays she must be there promptly at nine. Liz thought fleetingly of luxurious bed-lolling on Saturday mornings. She would be paid ten dollars a week.

"Oh, golly!" thought Liz. "Ten dollars for all that work! Bus fare to

come out of it, and Saturday lunch. It takes a lot of doing to get twenty dollars for a dress."

Aloud she said, "That isn't very much money."

Mr. Fred looked at her strangely for a moment, and Liz thought he was going to yell. But all he said was, "That's more than forty cents an hour. We think it quite generous pay for inexperienced help."

Forty cents an hour did seem fair pay for an inexperienced girl, even though it took such a lot of hours to come out to twenty dollars.

"I'll take the job," Liz decided briskly. "That is, if you want to hire me."

Mr. Fred said he'd hire her, but he looked as though he didn't expect much. In fact, he was pretty gloomy about everything and muttered about all the help problem in general.

The crowds drifted past Campbell's, but Liz saw nothing but the dress.



"See you Monday afternoon," Liz assured him blithely as she left. And she could have sworn he said, "Oh, yeah!" but that, of course, was just imagination. Well, she'd be there only three weeks, till she earned enough for the dress.

Liz took up the subject of jobs in general and hers in particular at supper that night.

"I won't have it," Mother protested. "I just won't have it, Elizabeth."

And while Liz thought despairingly of the dress, who should come galloping to her aid but unpredictable Daddy.

"Don't be too hasty, Jan," he said. "This is not a bad idea Elizabeth has. She's doing good work at school, and a part-time job shouldn't affect her grades. It isn't as though she'd have to work nights, and I know the people at Franklin Printing very well. Fine, well-established old conservative firm."

"And that's no stuff," added Liz mentally.

"The thing is," Daddy went on, "lots of these small firms are going to be pushed out of business unless the youngsters help. The young men are gone, and the defense factories have grabbed off most of the rest. Not that I blame the big war plants or the people who work in them, but little businesses can't afford to match defense pay. Yet, if they don't get help some place, they'll go to the wall. I'm all for Liz's job, and I think she's a mighty patriotic girl."

A ray of hope for the dress shot through Liz's mind.

"Well," Mother gave in, "I hadn't thought of it in quite that way. If your teachers agree, Elizabeth, and if you keep your schoolwork up, I guess it would be a patriotic thing to do."

Before the bell rang the next morning, Liz had the permission of
(Continued on page 41)

Now we know you *Better!*

Remember that questionnaire we published a few issues back? We wanted to know for sure—in addition to the information we get in the many, many welcome letters you write us—what you, our readers, are like. Evidently a great many of you want to share this information, for a lot of you have asked for it. Here, therefore, are some of the facts of the lives of the girls who read *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. More than 17,000 of you sent us thoughtful answers to the questionnaire. And here's what the analysis of these answers shows.



YOUR AGE

We guessed right—but it's nice to know for sure. Almost all our readers are between twelve and sixteen years old, with a few younger than twelve, or seventeen or older. Your "average age," as statistics would say, is just about thirteen and a third.



YOUR SCHOOL

From your age, it should be easy to figure out about your school. Yep—more than half of you are in junior high school and almost one-third of you are senior high school students. Fewer than one-tenth of you are still in the grades. Almost all of you go to public schools—about ten per cent attend private schools.



YOUR JOB

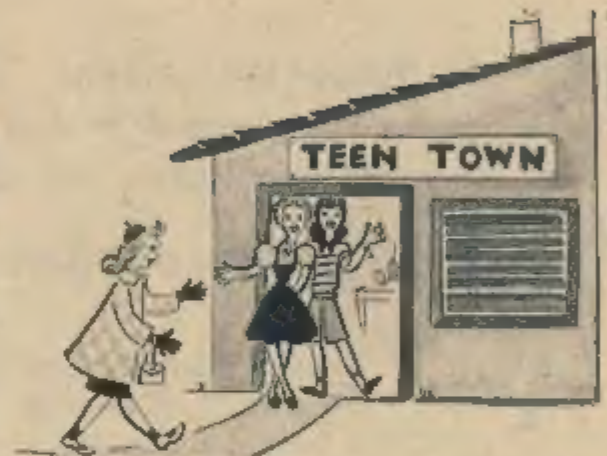
We got all sorts of answers. Now you work, now you don't

—anyway, for pay. It's a tossup, for you are about equally divided among those who have paying jobs and those who do no paid work. And of those who have jobs, almost half take care of children, a fifth are paid for doing housework. A number are employed in stores, on farms, in offices. A few earn money by running errands and doing odd jobs. Some of you, of course, have more than one kind of job. The largest percentage of those with jobs work between five and nine hours a week, though a good number work less than five hours and almost as many work from ten to fourteen. Some say they spend many more hours per week in this way, but that seems a great deal when they attend school, too.



YOUR ORGANIZED GROUP

You find time to belong to organizations, too. The Girl Scouts claim a little more than one-third of you. Then the Girl Reserves, Camp Fire Girls, 4-H Clubs, various church groups. Red Cross, AWVS, Canadian Girls in Training, and Girl Guides are among other organizations to which you belong.



YOUR COMMUNITY

Almost half of you don't find time to take part in community or neighborhood activities, but about a quarter are active in such things as teen towns or community centers; the rest didn't tell us, except for a few who write that they had no such project to be active in.



YOUR CALLING ALL GIRLS

And you are great ones, we're glad to note, for sharing the wealth in *CALLING ALL GIRLS*. We are always fascinated by statistics that use fractions of people. For this reason, and even more because we like to see a lot
(Continued on page 58)



In Russia that means "Comrade Teen-age Girl"
—and in any language the
teeners in Russia are doing a tremendous job

By EUGENIA LIMEDORFER

ALL the world knows the story of Soviet Russia's valiant part in the battles and victories of World War II. What is not quite so well-known is the extent to which Russian girls and boys have taken their vital part. Before the end of 1943, the government had awarded decorations for bravery and service to more than 22,000 persons under twenty-one years of age!

The records tell exciting—and often grim—stories. When the Nazis occupied her district, seventeen-year-old Lyuba Shevtsova worked with the local underground. She repeatedly risked her life to get and to pass on German documents and secret information. And Elizabeth Chaikina, who was sixteen, led a guerrilla band which harassed the enemy troops in her district. Both Lyuba and Elizabeth were captured, tortured, and killed by the Nazis. But others like them rose to carry on, and to help drive away the enemy.

In quieter ways Young Russia has worked behind the lines, too, ever since their country was invaded on June

22, 1941. Sometimes their work has taken what might be considered the unexciting form of just keeping on with studies, but when a school is within the range of big guns even sitting in a classroom can offer plenty of dangers. During the German siege of Leningrad, school went on even though teachers and

pupils had to stop at times to repair damage caused by air raids or by exploding shells. As they put it, "Hitler would like us to close our books. Our studies strike a blow at him." That's why classes went on whenever possible, even under fire. When Stalingrad was under siege, old and young alike kept the factories going. One arms factory was kept running by its young workers, who went out to a near-by forest and with willing though unskilled hands chopped and brought back wood to keep the boilers going.

In actually running the factory machines, and in producing food, young people of the Soviet Union have made a large contribution. There's Nina Rushmaniva, for instance. She is a graduate of one of the trade schools—something like our vocational schools—which the government established to train workers for farming, mining, metallurgy, and transportation. Nina was working in a war plant when news reached her that her brother had been killed in action. "Now I shall do the work of two," said Nina, and she studied her lathe and the motions she had to make to run it. First she taught herself to handle two machines instead of one; now she is handling five. And she showed the other girls her short cuts. As a result, of course, the output of the



Girls of the ballet keep beauty alive.



Anti-tank guns on the battlefield, machines behind the lines—Russian girls can operate them all, and do! Photos by Sovfoto

whole plant has been tremendously increased.

It was the young workers of Moscow who started "work Sundays." The machines they made on that extra workday were sent to help re-establish the factories in the liberated city of Lubny. The workers gave their overtime pay to the National Children's Fund which supports health centers serving 12,000 children and finances seventeen homes for children whose fathers have been killed in action. The Komsomols, youth councils organized from among the outstanding young people in each industry and university, sponsored the plan at first. Now almost all Russian workers give some Sundays to work for a liberated district.

So the records stand, showing what Young Russia can do under fire. But what about when the shooting is over?

There was a young nurse who had just brought twenty-one soldiers safely back from behind the enemy lines, and she had killed three Nazis on the way.

"What will you do after the war?" an American reporter asked.

"Build!" said the Russian girl promptly. "We will rebuild everything the Nazis have destroyed or damaged."

But rebuilding isn't waiting for after-the-war. Even while war goes on, the rebuilding has begun. Almost as soon as land

is recaptured from the Nazis, desperately needed crops are planted; factories, mines, schools, and homes are repaired.

It might be difficult for girls and boys experienced in sabotage and killing to adjust themselves to building instead of destroying if they had time to consider it. But with so much salvage work to be done before life can be normal again in the schools and factories and on the farms of free territory and in the liberated districts, young Russians are making the change without thinking too much about it.

School children, directed by their teachers, themselves carry out the job of repairing school buildings the Nazis used as stables and slaughterhouses for cattle. When the Donbas district was recaptured from the Nazis, one of the first tasks of the girls who traveled there to help in the rebuilding was to equip seventy university laboratories.

The story of the Donbas will make a thrilling book or movie if it is ever fully told, and prominent in the cast will be the young people. While the retreating Germans were still shelling the section, girls and boys started the great mines working for Russia. They brought in hundreds of picks, miners' lanterns, and other equipment, which they had kept hidden during the Nazi occupation, and

began mining the vital coal even before the other miners could be sent to help them. Girls by the tens of thousands came to Donbas, too, to work in industry. The return of the whole district to productive, active life shows how quickly a territory can recover from invasion and devastation when the spirit of its people remains alive.

Other liberated districts repeat the story. Soon after Stalingrad was freed, four hundred brigades of young people, mostly girls, came to help rebuild the city. Some of them, like fifteen-year-old Nadya Tyulevna, a bricklayer from Kirov, traveled more than four hundred miles to contribute their skill.

Since most Russian boys go into the armed forces as soon as they are old enough, girls must be trained to do what we usually think of, perhaps unreasonably, as "men's work." That's why there are girl bricklayers, girl engine drivers, and girl miners. But girls do more than work with their hands. There are about 250,000 girls preparing to enter the Red Army Medical Corps, and already seventy per cent of Russia's doctors are women. Two young women engineers took charge of repairing the Donbas factories; a girl, Marie Krylova, reorganized a whole collective farm, as big as one of our townships, which wasn't producing as much food

(Continued on page 66)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

THE STORY UP TO NOW

When GILLY Prescott entered the candid camera contest she arranged with Doug McCord to use his darkroom for developing her negatives. By way of thanks she decided to take a picture of Doug's father through the window of his flower shop. She ruined her first attempt by making a double exposure, but was satisfied with her second shot. But when she showed the print to Doug he said he'd never seen the man in his life! Just then they were interrupted by the grocer who called them into the shop where they found Mr. McCord unconscious from a blow on the head. Later Mr. McCord told the police he didn't know who'd hit him, but when the police discovered the \$500 receipts from the sale of a benefit's tickets missing, they implied he'd faked the holdup and had stolen the money himself. After the police had left, Gilly remembered the snapshot she'd taken of the man in the flower shop and realized he must be the real thief. She and Doug quickly made a print and Gilly set out to take it to the police to clear Mr. McCord. When she stopped on the way to phone home, however, the picture was stolen, and then a strange car seemed to follow Gilly as she raced back to Doug's. There they discovered the darkroom had been ransacked, and the negative of the film was gone. Doug and Gilly realized that someone was trying to frame Mr. McCord. Now go on with Chapter IV.

To Doug, telling their story to the police was a last chance. Gilly knew there was one other faint hope

By ADAM ALLEN, Author of "New Broome Experiment"

GILLY and Doug met in front of the police station the next morning a half hour before school time.

"Look," Doug had said brusquely the night before, when they had faced the situation squarely, "we both saw that picture. And you saw the man himself. We'll just go to the police in the morning and describe him to them. All right?"

"Yes. Of course." Gilly had nodded and made herself smile. She had thought unhappily that she could guess how successful they'd be, but now, in the bright light of morning, things seemed somehow more

cheerful. Here they were, ready to tackle Sergeant Gresham, and she was determined that they'd accomplish their purpose.

"How's your father?" she asked, before they went in.

"Better, I think. The doctor came in early, and he said the blow on his head hadn't caused a concussion. But..."

"But what? You mean there's something else wrong?"

"Not exactly. Well, there are some bruises, where he must have fallen against the counter as he went down. But," Doug looked unhappy, "Dad knows he's suspected of taking the money, and knocking himself out to make it look as if there'd been a thief in the shop. And it's hit him pretty hard."

Gilly wished she could think



His next words enraged Gilly. "So you expect me to believe that?"

of something comforting to say. "Well, come on." Doug grinned with an effort, and they started up the steps together.

They didn't have any trouble finding Sergeant Gresham. But when he saw them his eyes narrowed as if, Gilly thought, he believed they'd come to confess.

Doug said respectfully, "Good morning, Sergeant. May we speak to you a minute?"

"It's part of my job to listen to people," the officer answered noncommittally. "Go ahead."

"My father didn't take that money, you know," Doug began. "He just couldn't do a thing like that."

"Sit down." Gresham motioned to chairs on the other side of his big desk. "Now. Is that all you came to tell me—that your father just couldn't have done it?"

"Oh, no, sir," Gilly said quickly. "We came to tell you who did."

"Well, well! So we've got amateur detectives on the job. All right—let's have it."

There was amusement in his voice, but there was curiosity, too, and he looked slightly less assured than he had a moment before. Gilly wished desperately that they had more concrete evidence with which to press their tiny advantage.

"We don't exactly know his name," she said bravely, "but I saw him. At least, I'm pretty sure I did. So I can tell you what he looks like. And then you'll be able to catch him, won't you?"

"Oh, you saw him." This time the amusement definitely had the upper hand, and all Gresham's self-confidence came flooding back.

"Yes. And I took a picture of him, but it was stolen."

"I see." The officer cupped a hand over his mouth, as if to hide a grin.

"But I did. You see, I . . ."

"She really did, Sergeant," Doug said simultaneously.

"You took a picture of him while he was hitting Mr. McCord over the head? Or while he was taking the money?"

"While he was taking the money," Gilly said, and she wanted to add, "So there!" but she hung on to herself. "He



"Gilly, I know what a sacrifice you're making—telling me this," Doug said.

was standing at the cash register," she went on. "He was quite thin, with dark hair—black, maybe, or anyway dark brown—and quite dark skin and dark eyes. And he had sort of a thin face. He was wearing a dark suit. He didn't have a hat on."

"And you took a picture of him, did you?"

Gilly nodded. "But it was stolen." And very quickly she related the tale of the print that had disappeared with her books from the drugstore, and of the discovery that the negative, too, was missing, when she and Doug had gone back to the darkroom to make another print for the police.

"And I think I was chased on my way back to Doug's house—or followed, anyway," she concluded. "A car slowed down alongside of me, and the man in it was sort of leaning out to look at me."

"What happened then?"

"I ran as fast as I could. All the way to the flower shop."

"You ran. And the car couldn't keep up with you. I see."

"I know it sounds funny," Gilly admitted. "And of course maybe nobody was trying to follow me—or maybe he was only trying to find out where I was going. But anyway it's true about the picture." She wished now she'd never told about the car at all; it just made the whole story sound ridiculous. "Doug can tell you."

"You saw her taking the picture?" Gresham asked.

"No," Doug admitted, "but I saw it when it was printed. I was just saying to her that I'd never seen the man before—

you see Gilly hadn't met my father, so naturally she took for granted that anybody behind the counter

in the shop would be Dad. And just then we heard Mr. Cartwright shouting about something having happened, and we ran downstairs. And we both forgot the picture until after you'd left last night. Gilly was bringing it to you when it was stolen."

Gresham sat staring at them for a long minute, and then he grinned widely. It wasn't an unfriendly grin, but the words that followed it enraged Gilly.

"So you expect me to believe that?" he said.

"But it's true!" Gilly said fiercely, rising up to face him.

The sergeant put back his head and laughed. Then he leaned forward, his face sober.

"I've got kids of my own," he told them, surprisingly, "and I want you to know that I think this performance you just put on does you credit. I'd like to think my kids would try this hard to help me out if I got into some kind of a jam. But," and he shook his head indulgently, "you didn't even make up a very good story, you know."

"We didn't make it up," Gilly

said. She was suddenly afraid she was going to cry, so she stopped and sank back in the chair until she could be more sure of her voice.

"I suppose it does sound sort of crazy, sir," Doug began, "but . . ."

"Crazy is just exactly the word for it," Gresham told them, getting up to indicate that he had had enough of this. "What would you be doing taking a picture of Mr. McCord right then anyway?"

"For the contest," Doug explained. "The candid camera contest. She took several pictures on Saturday, and I suppose she just had one negative left when she was on her way to my house to develop them, and thought she might as well try one of Dad. Didn't you?"

Gilly murmured something unintelligible. She didn't want to explain either to the officer or to Doug that she hadn't been thinking about the contest when she took that shot—that she had only wanted to do something nice for Doug.

"You see?" Doug nodded. "It was perfectly natural."

"Mm-hmm. Perfectly natural," Gresham's voice mocked the words. "And I suppose you don't think it's perfectly natural that we kind of suspect your father, after what happened in Blackmere?"

Gilly saw Doug go suddenly white. She didn't know what the sergeant meant, but she did know she wanted to get Doug out of there, quickly.

"Come on," she said, getting up. "If he doesn't want to believe us, he doesn't, I suppose. I've tried to tell you, officer, that I know what the man looks like. I'm sure I could identify him if I saw him again, or maybe even if I just saw a picture of him. But if you think we're both lying . . ." She shrugged, rather too dramatically, she feared, and walked toward the door.

"I'm glad you know when to give up," Gresham told her calmly. "We're not just being unreasonable, you know. We went over the shop for fingerprints, and there's nothing to

indicate that a stranger had been in back of the counter at all. But it was a very nice try, youngsters, a nice try."

Gilly went out and across the hall, and Doug followed her.

Behind them they could hear Gresham say laughingly to somebody, "Those kids must have been talking to Joe. They've dreamed up a thin dark man, too. Remember when Joe tried to sell us that wacky idea of his about the Sugar Bowl Restaurant robbery—in spite of the alibi that made a fool of him?"

"Well, we never did solve that case," another voice answered. "Maybe Joe . . ."

"We'll solve this one." Gresham's voice cut in positively.

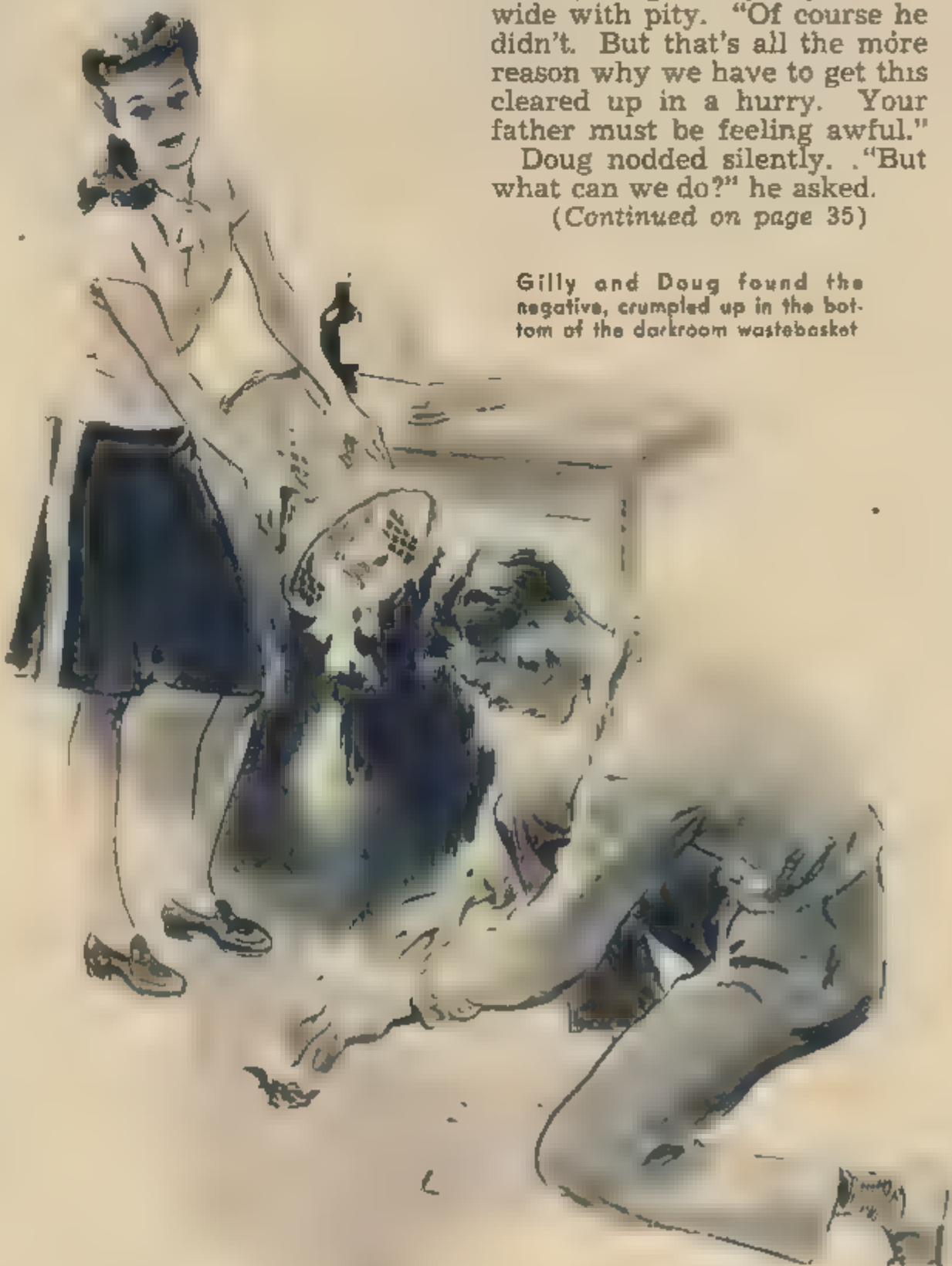
He sounded so sure that he made Gilly shiver. "We won't give up, Doug," she said quickly, the moment he joined her on the sidewalk. "In fact, I've got another idea that . . ."

"Gilly, I've got to tell you," Doug broke in, his mouth grim. "I guess I should have told you before. You see, this same thing happened to Dad once in Blackmere, where we used to live. It's one of the reasons we moved—I mean, Dad was unhappy there afterward. He had money stolen from his shop there, and when they couldn't catch the thief the police acted as if they thought Dad might have taken it himself—you know, for the insurance or something. But he didn't."

"Oh, Doug." Gilly's eyes were wide with pity. "Of course he didn't. But that's all the more reason why we have to get this cleared up in a hurry. Your father must be feeling awful."

Doug nodded silently. "But what can we do?" he asked.

(Continued on page 35)

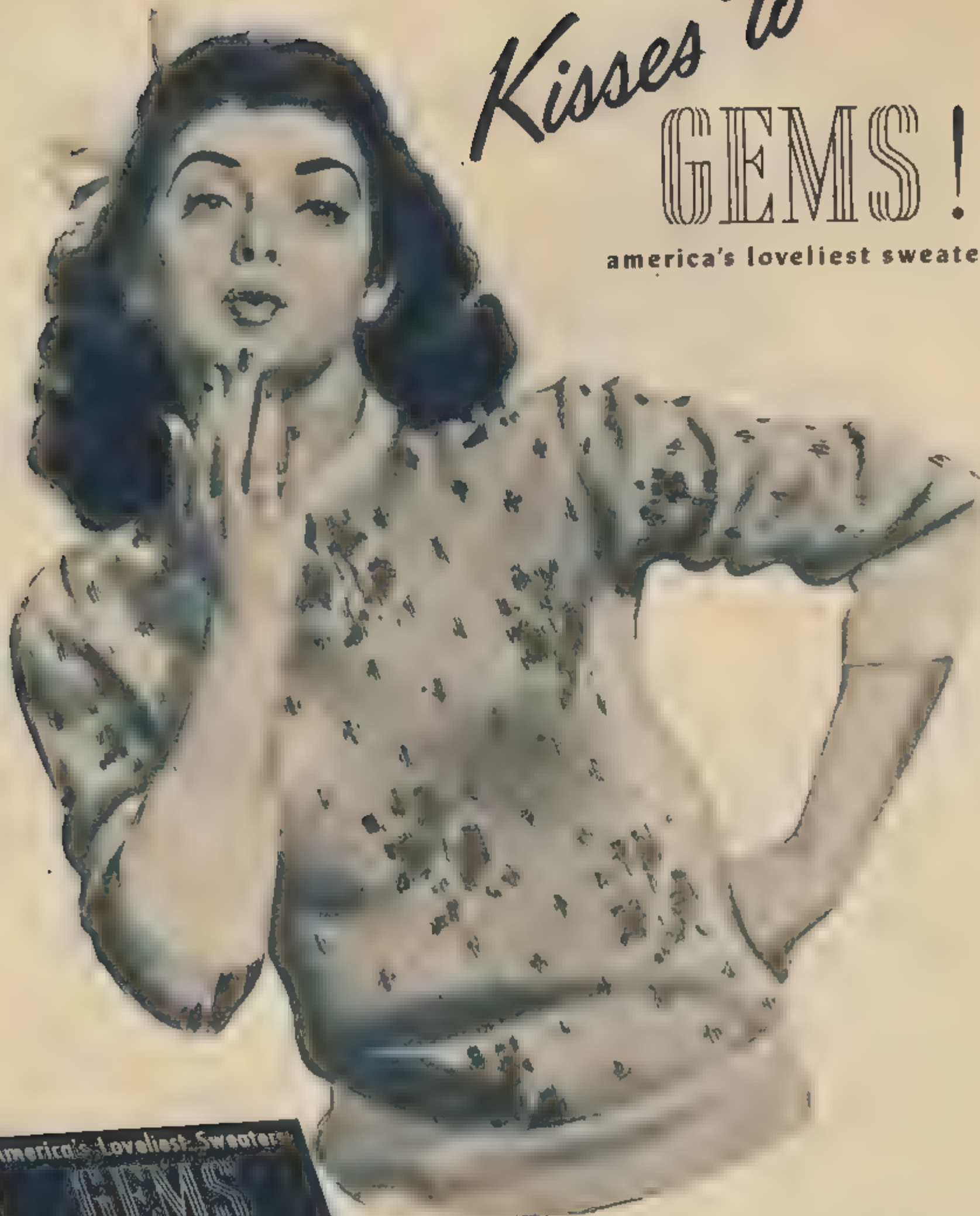


Gilly and Doug found the negative, crumpled up in the bottom of the darkroom wastebasket

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Good Sports IN WINTER



Not everyone can be a star like Beverly Licht of Berkeley, Calif.—a senior skating champion at thirteen!—but you don't have to be a champion to have fun on ice.

International News Photo

Learn the do's and don't's of the winter season and you'll never be frozen out of the fun

By BESSIE B. BURGEMEISTER

WINTER sports! Don't the words call up bright pictures? Skiers gliding down snowy slopes; skaters whirling on glittering ice; gay crowds in horse-drawn sleighs; sleds and toboggans flashing downhill through the sparkling air. Before the war Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, had an annual Winter Carnival which has become famous; to the sports we always think of they added dancing on ice and also snow sculpturing, which is part sport and part art. The snow trains, which were becoming more and more popular until the war put a temporary stop to them, too, showed that there were opportunities for still other winter sports; the gay, pleasure-bound

travelers came with equipment ranging from skis, skates, and sleds to snowshoes and even small ice-boats with sails. It's hard to choose from all the things there are to do in the snow season!

But don't be one of the people who just think about winter sports! You don't have to be a Sonja Henie or a Hannes Schneider to have fun at skating or skiing; you didn't have to be Queen of the Dartmouth Winter Carnival to discover the thrill and pleasure of snow sculpture. Even if you've always stayed indoors with a book, you can have fun at winter sports this year; and once you have discovered how grand

they make you feel, you'll always look forward eagerly to the first snowfall.

Why not take advantage of the first real winter weather to have a winter sports party? Ask everyone to bring all the equipment possible, all the sleds, skis, skates, toboggans, and snowshoes your gang has or can borrow. Pick a meeting place that will give you opportunities for several activities—

a lake surrounded by hills is ideal, for then you can skate, ski, sled, and toboggan, and you can use the level space at the shore for snow sculpture, but you can have almost as much fun with sleds and skis and snow

on the local golf course or a field well equipped with hills. While some of the crowd are skating, others can borrow whatever skis are available, and still others can follow the current college craze for sleds or imitate our Olympics teams on the toboggans. You might have a contest in snow sculpture, which is much more than making snow men; soft snow models like clay, and even beginners can make really beautiful figures. You can build a small fire that will provide cheer as well as warmth.



OF SUCH PIONEERING IS AMERICA MADE



When Indians swooped down and destroyed the whole village back in pioneer days, this undaunted homemaker dragged her little iron stove from the ashes and fed it wood from the wreckage of her home. What little wheat she had managed to save she ground with a cannon ball on the stump of a tree. Perhaps you have heard a story

like this about your great grandmother! Of such pioneering as this is America made.

Pillsbury, seventy-five harvests old, dedicates its research on the as yet uncharted frontiers of food and homemaking to the equally resourceful, self-reliant school girls of today, who will be America's homemakers of tomorrow.

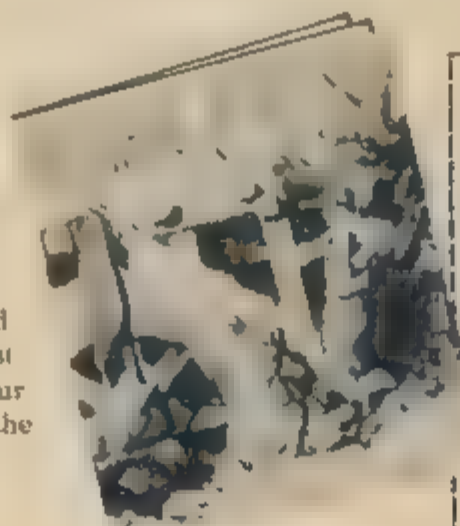


Fascinating booklet **FREE!**

You'll love the stories and pictures in a new booklet prepared by Pillsbury as part of its 75th anniversary celebration. This booklet tells about Comfort and Peter and other boys and girls who loved the waving fields of wheat, lived so close to the rumbling millstones that they could hear them talking, and just couldn't resist the fragrance of fresh bread. Be first in your school to get a free copy—fill in and mail the coupon today!

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Please send me, **FREE AND POSTPAID**, my personal copy of "THE TALKING MILLSTONES."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Are you a beginner, struggling to herringbone up even the slightest slope, envious of the old hands who can take a whirl at the trick stuff? Cheer up—you'll get there yet.

International News Photo



If you can arrange it, a sleigh ride to your home for hot chocolate and hearty food would be the ideal way to end your party.

Even before the ice is safe or the snow is right for skiing, there are things you can do to get set for winter sports. Bicycling in the fall and early winter helps you develop strong leg muscles so you don't have to rest at the edge of the pond after each two or three rounds

of skating. Among the expert skaters, who always keep in training during the summer, bicycling shares honors with hiking, tennis, and even stair climbing. If you are going in for skiing this winter, develop your balance. Standing up when you're in a bus and keeping your footing over the bumps is excellent practice! For both skiing and skating, limber up your stiff joints and muscles; if you've been wearing high heels regularly, practice "prancing" barefoot, lifting your feet one at a time, instep arched, and then bringing them down toe first until they are flat on the floor with your full weight on them. Work up to one hundred prances a day and you'll find that your Achilles tendon, which shortens when you wear high heels, has come back to normal.

You can make a good game out of practice in using skis, and you and your friends will enjoy watching each other try to get up from a fall with skis

on. You don't have to fall first! Just get down on the floor and then try to get up again. We hope you won't fall often when you're on the snow, but when you do, you'll be glad you've learned how to pick yourself up. You can go on to practice lifting your feet correctly with skis on, keeping them parallel, horizontal, and close together; practice leaning forward, turning, and even jumping—but for the sake of your mother's floors, you'd better move out to the back yard for the last two!

A word about clothes for winter sports: they need not be elaborate, but you'll want them warm and comfortable. Snow suits are fine for everything except skating, and all right for that if you wear socks outside your trouser legs so there won't be any baggy fullness around your ankles to catch on skates. If you're not doing anything but skating some afternoon, though, you'll find a jacket and skirt (with



There's a real thrill, and gay companion-ship, to be had on the toboggan run.

Wide World Photo

warm socks and woollies, of course) more comfortable. If you spend much time skating, you may feel justified in getting a more elaborate costume of short flared skirt and warm jacket. Dark glasses are a help if you ski or toboggan, and they keep you from getting a squinty look around your eyes.

There are a few safety and courtesy rules, too, which make winter sports more fun for everybody. Of course you wouldn't skate on thin ice, or skate or ski alone, or sled or toboggan where you might meet automobiles (Some towns block off certain streets for sledding, or station a lookout at the foot of good coasting hills to warn of approaching cars.) But do you know that a candy-wrapper thrown carelessly on the ice can be almost as much of a hazard as the proverbial "thin ice"? And do you watch your distance when you are skiing, sledding, or tobogganing, so that there is no

(Continued on page 54)

Sweaters

SPECIALLY
STYLED
FOR TEENS

Dance
Piercing

TIGER

IRRESISTABLY APPEALING FOR HOLIDAY FUN

SPARKLING SHADES

blush pink cloud aqua sunset rose coral white maize

Hi-Girl

SPORTSWEAR INC.

Dress up - Slim down!



in our
"Chubby Girl"
 CHARMER

Want to look pretty at holiday parties? Hecht Co. has the answer! It's this gleaming rayon taffeta frock, frosted with white braid. Slip into its rustling fullness—tie the midriff sash in a perky bow at the back—and you're the smartest Slim Jane in your crowd! Brown, green, navy, wine. Sizes 8½ to 14½
\$5.99

Girls' Shop—Second Floor

The Hecht Co.

"A Great Store in the Nation's Capital"
 WASHINGTON 4, D. C.



MOVIES of the

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
 Movie Editor

1—Walt Disney's full-length film, "The Three Caballeros," starts 1945 off with a bang. It's different, too, with live personalities alongside cartoon creatures. The latter include the three gentlemen of the title, Donald Duck, José Carioca, the gay Brazilian parrot, and Panchito, a puffed-up Mexican rooster. The flying donkey takes off, too, as the above picture shows. The Disneyland music is delightful. (RKO)

2—Here are three fun makers we haven't seen together before—Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts. They're all in the Navy in "Here Come the Waves" and fight the war from various desks to the mutual irritation of Bing and Sonny. But it comes in handy for romantic Betty to have them on shore duty, as who wouldn't find it so! Guess which Betty chooses. (Para)

3—Here is The Pi who wins the Grand National steeplechase for his owner, Elizabeth Taylor, and his trainer, Mickey Rooney, in "National Velvet." But it is Elizabeth who wins the acting honors for her beautiful characterization of a young girl whose influence reclaims Mickey from a life of unhappiness and failure. (MGM)

4—In "Can't Help Singing" Deanna Durbin rides west with a Gold Rush wagon train, with Robert Paige her hired driver. She is seeking romance, not gold, but finds it on the way rather than at the end of the trail where her fiancé (David Bruce) is waiting. Deanna sings divinely. (Univ.)

5—Bette Davis and Jack Benny, together with a great array of stars, make "Hollywood Canteen" a gay and friendly film, just as they make the real Canteen a place where service men and women can have a gay and friendly evening. (Warner)

6—Vera Hruba Rolston, flat on the ice, doesn't look like a famous skating star but she is, and her picture "Lake Placid Serenade" has several lovely skating ballets. There's a Cinderella plot with Robert Livingston as Prince and Vera's quarrelsome cousins as you-know-what. (Rep.)

7—Everybody looks so pleased this picture must have been taken after dinner in "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier." John Hodiak is the sergeant and Anne Baxter the girl. The others are her family, Charles Winninger as father. (20th C. Fox)



MONTH



NEW CAMERA "SHOOTS" FLYING PROJECTILES



When Army ballistics experts needed to photograph speeding rockets, scientists at Bell Telephone Laboratories built the special "ribbon-frame" camera. Their experience came from making high-speed cameras to study tiny movements in telephone equipment parts.

The new camera gets its name from the narrow slot that exposes a ribbon of film at a speed of one ten-thousandths of a second. These "stills," taken on ordinary film, show a fast-flying P-47 firing its underwing rocket.

This is an example of the many ways Bell System research is helping to provide better weapons—better equipment for war and peacetime telephone service.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



T-shirt. An in- and
 out- door design
 for winter copied
 from big brother
 with plenty of
 eye-lure slipped
 into the design. It's
 "good sport" that
 is team with all
 our casual toys.
 Socks you'll appreci-
 ate. Colors you'll adore.
 Wool jersey.
 2-38. About \$6.00.

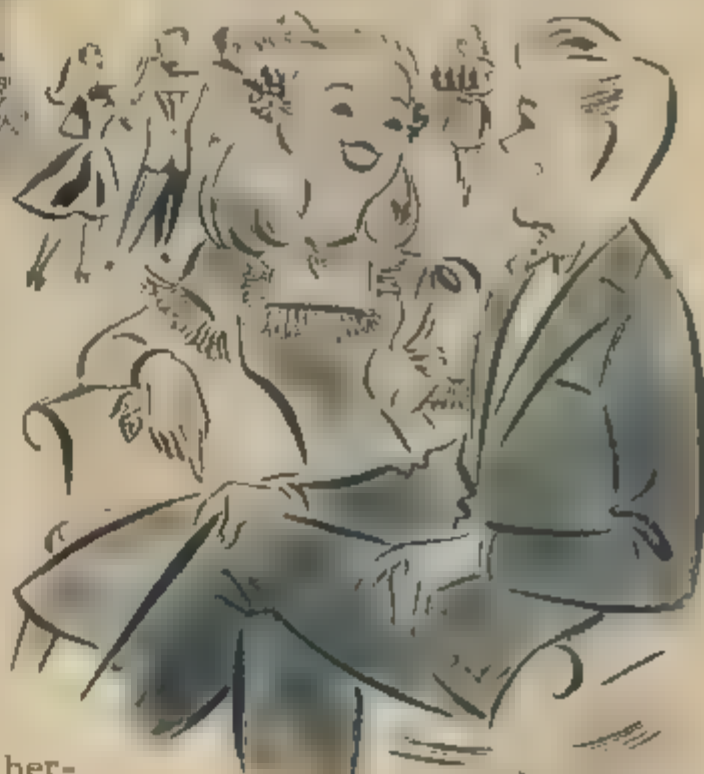
FEATURED BY LEADING STORES

Koret Knits

CALIFORNIA ORIGINALS

500 AUGUST 1997

Below is a chase of a different color and this color is in fashion. When you're in a group of friends at a party or at school, it's perfectly acceptable to approach some boy you want to get to know. Don't giggle or simper. Be natural and make natural conversation, like, "What did you think of the basketball game this afternoon?" Even if Joe is shy, he won't mind talking about something he's interested in. The



1974

thing to remember is that he's probably just as timid and unsure of himself as you are—and if you can put him at his ease, he'll like you for it.

But if he's gone away to camp or to school—what then? Should you write? Well, do you know him well or is it that you'd only like to know him well? Have you lots of news that would really make him want to read a letter from you? If you had a girlfriend you knew just as well as you know this boy—no better—would you write her if she moved away? If you can answer all these questions honestly yes, then go ahead and write a casual, newsy letter. But if the answer is no, you'd better forget the whole thing and concentrate on a more available male.

Much of the same line of reasoning applies to the telephone that applies to the letterbox—like is a call necessary, really, to both you and the boy? The telephone has one more disadvantage than the mails even. It rings—and a whole family can hear it and know that some girl is calling Joe. Which might let Joe in for a lot of teasing that he won't thank you for.

If your female intuition tells you that he likes you, and he still doesn't ask for a date, there's not a terrific lot you can do about it—except wait for him to grow up to a state of manly assurance. But there is one possibility. Some night you might ask your girlfriend and her date and this boy to come over to your house to play ping-pong or parchesi or what have you. Make your invitation to him both casual—and private. If he still refuses, that's that. There are other men, honest.



Sally went skating...and my she was active...



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.



HOLD-BOB

"The bobby pins that HOLD"

LINK YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER
with an everlasting
"Forget-Me-Not"
Friendship Bracelet

STERLING
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EACH LINK

25c

Sterling Clasp 35c

9 LINKS WITH CLASP \$2.60
Complete with Engraving

Add 20% Federal Excise Tax

From Hollywood stars to schoolgirls,
everyone is collecting Sterling Silver
"Forget-Me-Not" Memos of their friends,
sweethearts and loved ones.

Featured in the jewelry departments
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The Boston Store,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Burdine's, Inc.,	Miami, Fla.
Cleland & Simpson,	Scranton, Pa.
Denver Dry Goods Co.,	Denver, Colo.
The Emporium,	San Francisco, Calif.
The Fair Store,	Chicago, Ill.
Famous Barr Co.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Gebhardt-Guthard Co.,	Decatur, Ill.
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Gold & Co.,	Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule,	St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hanger Co.,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Heer's Dept. Store,	Springfield, Mo.
Herpeltheimer Co.,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Kutner Bros. Co.,	Baltimore, Md.
Jackie Bros.,	San Antonio, Tex.
Kahn Dept. Stores, Inc.,	Oakland, Calif.
La Salle Koch Co.,	Toledo, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus Co.,	Columbus, Ohio
Mandel Bros.,	Chicago, Ill.
T. S. Martin Co.,	Sioux City, Ia.
The May Company,	Cleveland, Ohio
The May Company,	Los Angeles, Calif.
Meyers,	Greensboro, N. C.
Meyer Bros.,	Springfield, Ill.
Olds-Worman & King,	Portland, Oregon
M. O'Neil Co.,	Akron, Ohio
Pomeroy & Inc.,	Pennsylvania
Powers Dry Goods Co.,	Minneapolis, Minn.
Rhodes Bros.,	Tacoma, Wash.
Rike-Kumler Co.,	Dayton, Ohio
Robertson Bros.,	South Bend, Ind.
Leo S. Scheer Co.,	Evansville, Ind.
John Shillito Co.,	Cincinnati, Ohio
Spokane Dry Goods Co.,	Spokane, Wash.
Stewart Dry Goods Co.,	Louisville, Ky.
Strass-Hirschberg Co.,	Youngstown, Ohio
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Wolf & Desauer Co.,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edward Wron Co.,	Springfield, Ohio
Yunker Bros.,	Des Moines, Ia.
Zahr Dry Goods Co.,	Racine, Wis.
and many others.	

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Minneapolis Star Tribune

San Francisco Chronicle

Chicago Daily Tribune

GIRLS in the NEWS

TORONTO DAILY STAR

The Dallas Morning News

The Philadelphia Inquirer

1—Trio triumphs. Evelyn Carhart, 16 (center), and twins Ruth and Ethel Kraft, 17, scored high in a radio tryout in Long Beach, N. Y. Ben Greenhaus Photo

2—Make it do! In Canada's remote campaign, Toronto Western Technical School girls remake clothes for themselves and others. Gordon W. Powley Photo

3—Senior Girl Scout Planning Conference. Delegates from fourteen states discussed international friendship, race relations, homemaking, and the arts. Their ideas will help to guide Scout programs all over the country. Paul Parker Photo

4—Back to school. These French students report happily to classes now free of Nazi control. Press Association Photo



FREDERICKA

OF THE

MAQUIS



ISABEL TOWNSEND PELL OF NEW YORK CITY HAS BECOME A LEGEND IN FRANCE AS THE HEROIC "FREDERICKA" OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND

WHEN THE WAR BEGAN, ISABEL WAS STAYING AT HER SUMMER HOME NEAR CANNES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO RETURN TO AMERICA IMMEDIATELY. SOON, PEOPLE MAY NOT BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE, ISABEL.

BUT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF GOING HOME.

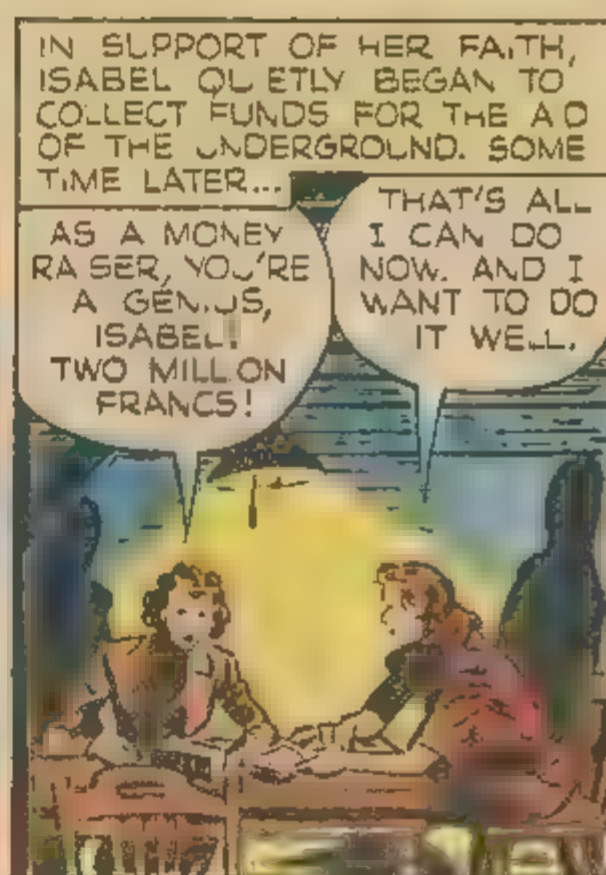
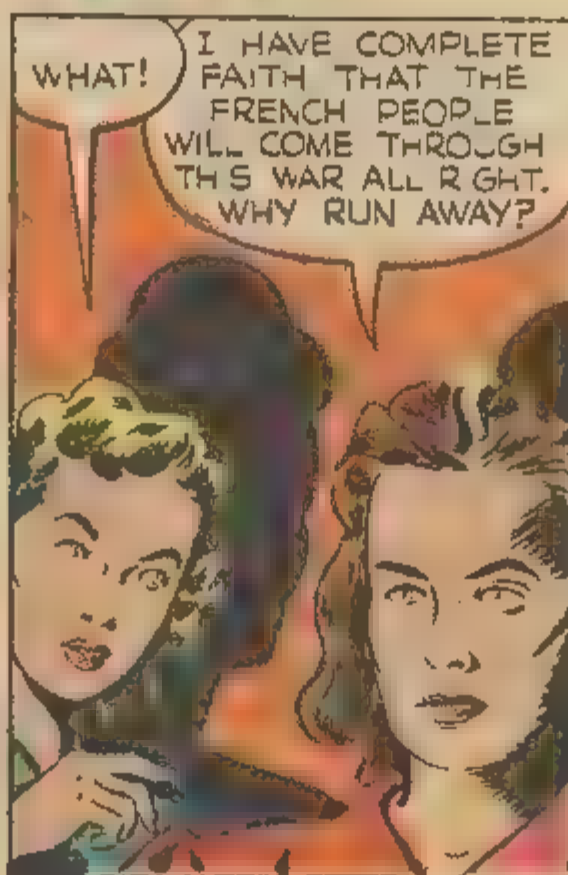
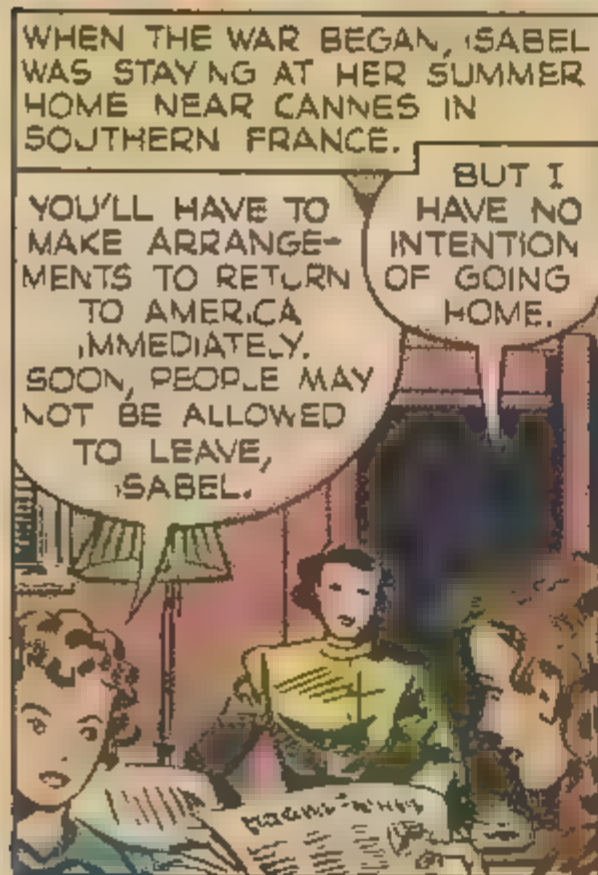
WHAT!

I HAVE COMPLETE FAITH THAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE WILL COME THROUGH THIS WAR ALL RIGHT. WHY RUN AWAY?

IN SUPPORT OF HER FAITH, ISABEL QUIETLY BEGAN TO COLLECT FUNDS FOR THE AID OF THE UNDERGROUND. SOME TIME LATER...

AS A MONEY RAISER, YOU'RE A GENIUS, ISABEL! TWO MILLION FRANCS!

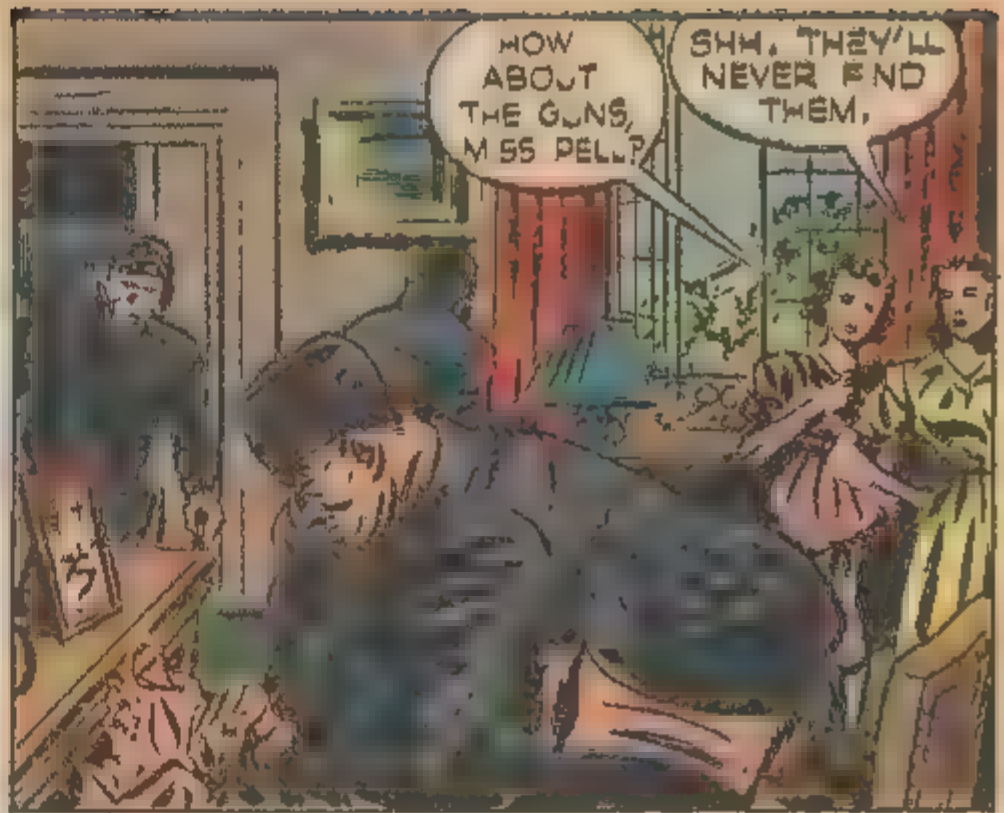
THAT'S ALL I CAN DO NOW. AND I WANT TO DO IT WELL.



AND LATER, AS ISABEL BEGAN TO TAKE AN EVEN MORE ACTIVE PART IN THE UNDERGROUND...

HERE COME THE ITALIAN POLICE!

IT'S GETTING SO THIS PLACE WOULDN'T SEEM LIKE HOME WITHOUT THE ITALIAN OR VICHY POLICE OR THE GESTAPO OR SOMEONE SEARCHING IT!



HOW ABOUT THE GUNS, MISS PELL?

SHH. THEY'LL NEVER FIND THEM.

NO GUNS, NO RADIO...

WELL, EVEN IF WE DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING THIS TIME, WE'D BETTER INTERN YOU ON SUSPICION, AND THE MAID, TOO.



SO ISABEL AND HER MAID WERE INTERNERED IN THE PUGET THENIER PRISON, BUT THEY WERE PERMITTED TO TAKE BRIEF DAILY WALKS.

PSST, MISS PELL, THE NAZIS ARE TRYING TO DRAFT ME FOR LABOR IN GERMANY. MY FRIENDS SAID YOU MIGHT HELP.

YES. SOME OF US ARE MEETING TOMORROW. COME TO THIS ADDRESS.



THE NEXT DAY.

YOU ALL CAN CARRY ON SOME WORK NOW. AS SOON AS I GET OUT OF PRISON, I WILL GET HOLD OF A FREE FRENCH CHEFTAIN TO LEAD US.

RIGHT, AND FOR NOW, YOU'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES ON YOUR WALKS. YOU'D BETTER BE LOW!

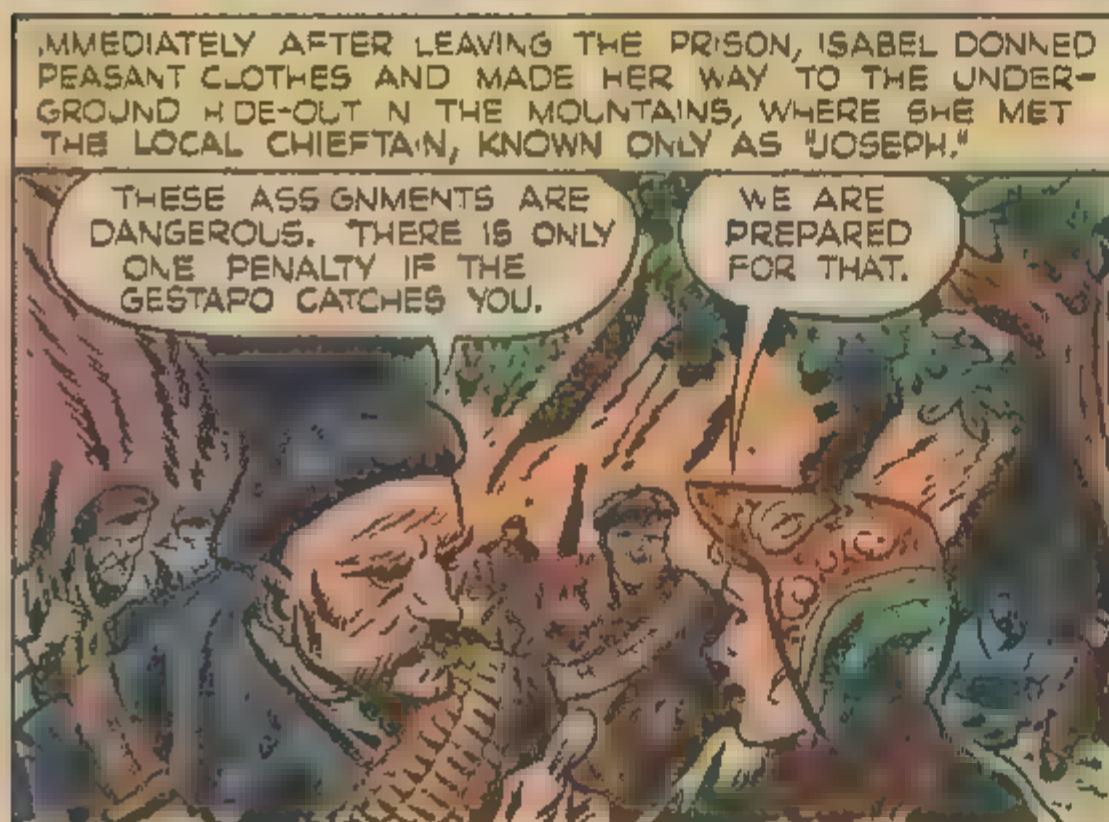
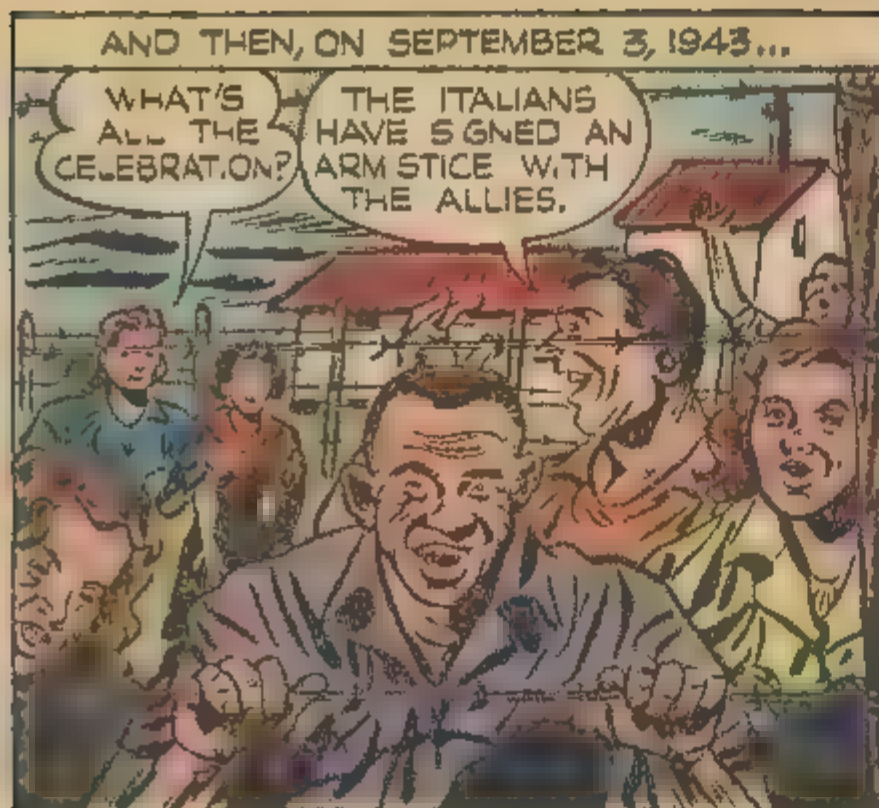


AND SO, THE UNDERGROUND IN ISABEL'S SECTION OF SOUTHERN FRANCE WAS FORMED.

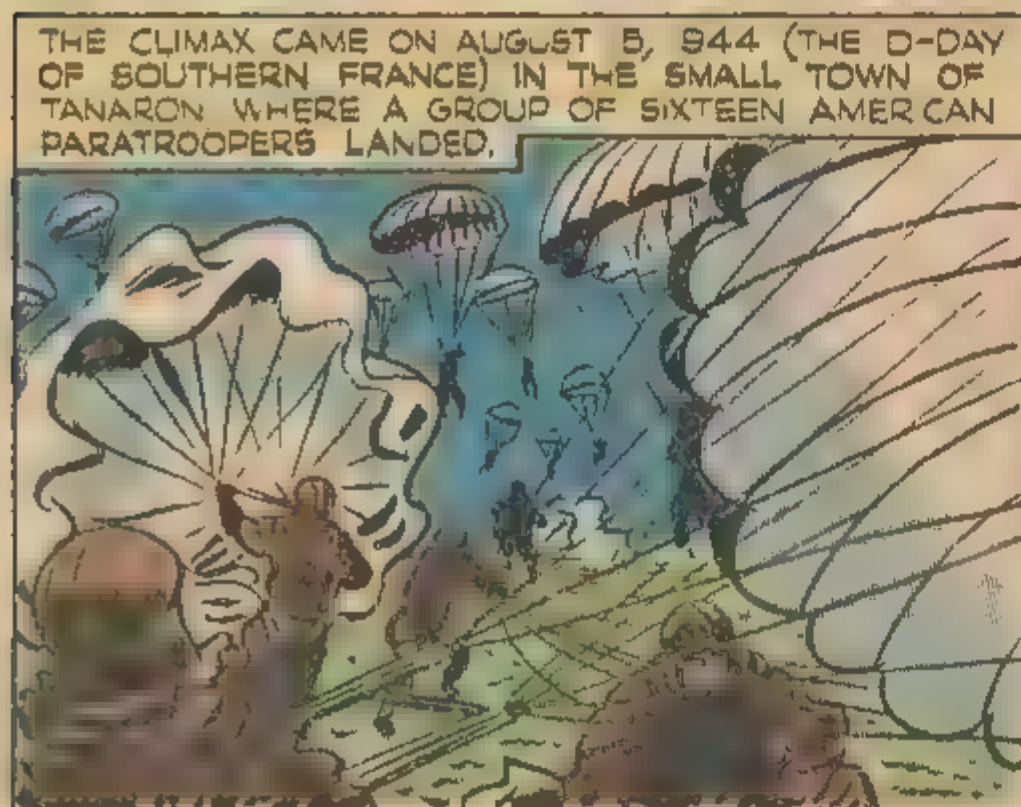
WHEN WE GET OUT OF THIS PRISON, WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT CRUELTY LIKE THAT. WE WON'T HAVE TO STAND AROUND AND WATCH.

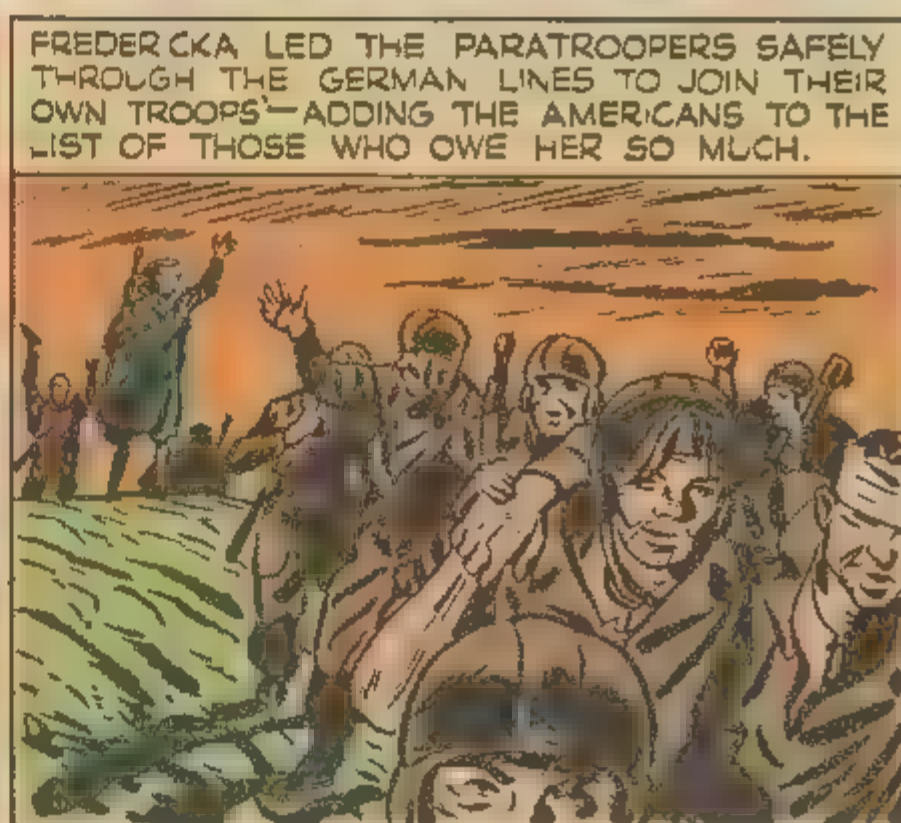
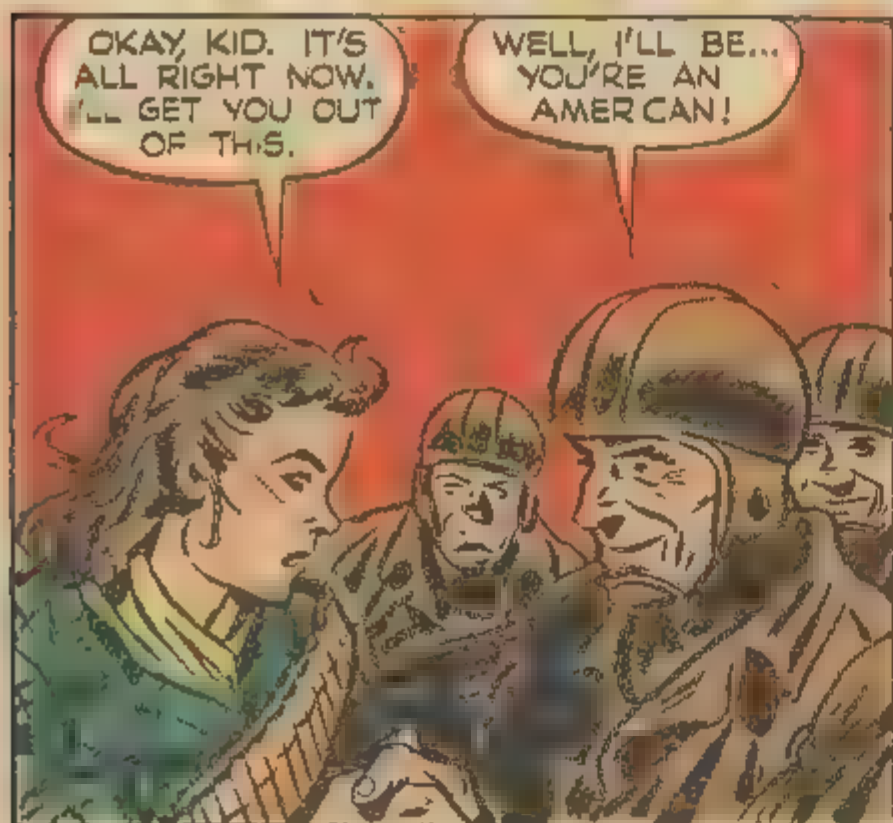
WHEN, AND IF...





ISABEL, USING THE NAME OF "FREDERICKA," WORKED WITH "JOSEPH" ON MANY DANGEROUS MISSIONS. THE DETAILS OF HER WORK CANNOT BE TOLD UNTIL AFTER THE WAR. "JOSEPH" IS DEAD NOW, SLAIN BY THE GESTAPO, BUT ISABEL ELUDED THEIR EFFORTS TO CAPTURE HER FOR THE WHOLE YEAR SHE WORKED WITH THE UNDERGROUND.





The Winning of DARK BOY

Everyone called Dark Boy a dangerous killer—everyone except Ginger. She had faith in him.

By JOSEPHINE NOYES FELTS

I DON'T believe it. I just don't believe it!" whispered Ginger Grey to herself as she watched Dark Boy, the beautiful black steeple-chaser, going round and round on the longe, the training rope to which he was tethered in the O'Malleys' yard. She was stroking him with her eyes, loving every curve, every flowing muscle of his slender, shining body.

But the voice of Tim O'Malley, Dark Boy's owner, still echoed in her ears. "You're a brave little horsewoman, Ginger, but Dark Boy would kill you. I am getting rid of him next week. He's thrown three experienced men and run away twice since I've had him. You are not to get on him!"

Ginger wiped a rebellious tear from her cheek, looking quickly around to make sure that neither ten-year-old Tommy nor the two younger children had seen her. She was alone at the O'Malley farm, several miles away from home, looking after the O'Malley children for the day while their father and mother were in town. Why couldn't she have had the exercising and training of this glorious horse! Her heart ached doubly, for she longed to ride him next week in the horse show at Pembroke.

Ginger glanced now at the two little girls playing in the yard. They needed their noses wiped. She took care of this, patted them gently, and went

back to where Dark Boy was loafing at the end of the longe. He didn't seem to mind the light saddle she had put on him. The reins of the bridle trailed the ground. She must go soon and take it off. He'd had a good workout today, she thought with satisfaction. "Exercise was what he needed. And now with nobody riding him . . .

She shivered suddenly and noticed how much colder it had turned. A great bank of black clouds had mounted up over the woods behind the meadow. She studied the clouds anxiously. Bad storms sometimes rose quickly out of that corner of the sky. The air seemed ab-

normally still and there was a weird copper light spreading from the west.

If it was going to storm she'd better get the children in the house, put Dark Boy in the barn, and find Tommy. Here came Tommy now, dirty, tousled, torn pants legs flapping as he walked.

"Barbed wire," he explained cheerfully, pointing to his pants. "Zigafoos has fenced his fields with it!"

A sharp gust of wind rounded the house. Tommy flapped in it like a scarecrow. A shutter on the house banged sharply; the barn door creaked shrilly as it slammed. Dark Boy reared and thudded to the ground.



THOMSEN

A sharp gust of wind rounded the house. Dark Boy reared and thudded to the ground.

"Look!" yelled Tommy suddenly. "What a close funny cloud!"

A thin spiral of smoke was rising from behind O'Malley's barn. Ginger's heart froze within her. Fire! She raced around the barn. Then she saw with horror that the lower part of that side was burning. The wind must have blown a spark from a smoldering trash pile. Already the blaze was too much for anything she and Tommy could do. She'd have to get help at once!

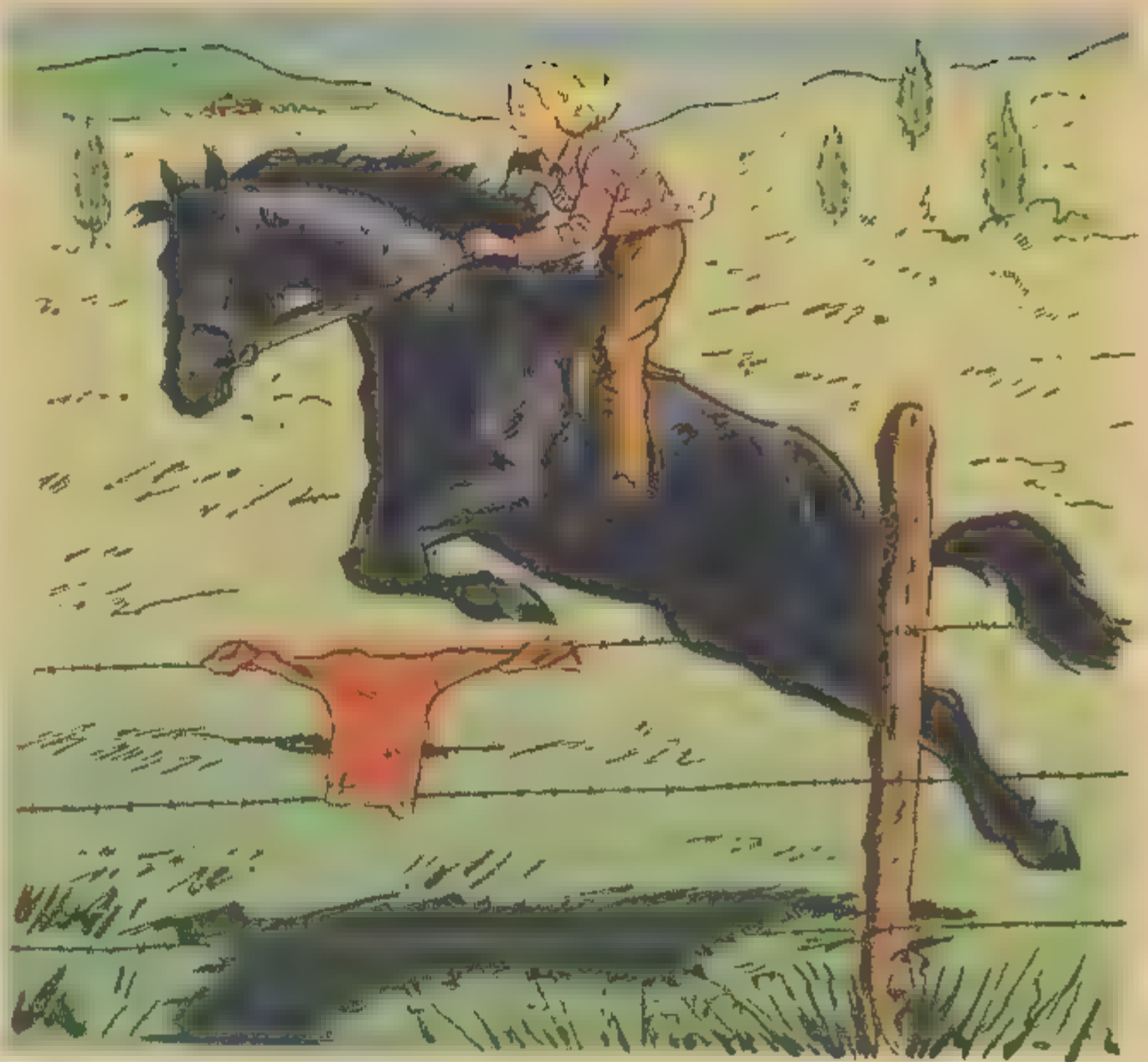
As she tore back toward the house, pictures flashed through her mind. The big red fire truck was in the village six miles down the road. There were no phones. Any cars in the scattered neighborhood would be down in the valley with the men who used them to get to work at the porcelain factory. She'd have to get to the village and give the fire alarm herself immediately. Perhaps on Dark Boy . . .

She dashed over to him and caught his bridle. He tossed his head and sidled away from her, prancing with excitement. As she talked quietly to him, with swift fingers she loosened the longe, letting it fall to the ground. She felt sure that she could guide him if only she could get on him and stay on him when he bolted. She thrust her hand deep in her pocket and brought out two of the sugar lumps she had been saving for him.

"Sugar for a good boy," she panted and reached up to his muzzle. Dark Boy lipped the sugar swiftly, his ears forward.

With a flying leap Ginger was up, had swung her right leg over him, and slipped her right foot in the stirrup. She sat lightly forward as jockeys do. Would he resent her? Throw her off? Or could she stick?

Indignant, Dark Boy danced a wide circle of astonishment. The wind was whistling furiously



Amid a thunder of hooves she took him straight for the crimson marker.

ously now around the house, bending the trees. Ginger held the reins firmly and drew Dark Boy to a prancing halt. Then suddenly he reared. She clung with her lithe brown knees and held him tight. Precious minutes were flying. She thought of the bright tongues of flame licking up the side of the barn.

"Tommy! Take care of the children!" she shouted over her shoulder as Dark Boy angrily seized the bit between his teeth and whirled away. "I'll get help!"

Ginger's light figure in a red blob of sweater flashed down the road through the twisting trees. Fast as Dark Boy's bright hooves beat a swift rhythm on the hard clay road, Ginger's thoughts raced ahead. She glanced at her watch. By the road it was six miles to the town. At Dark Boy's throbbing gallop they might make it in fifteen minutes. By the time the fire department got back it

might well be much too late.

There was a crash like thunder off in the woods to her left as the first dead tree blew down. Dark Boy shied violently, almost throwing her headlong, but she bent lower over his neck and clung. Suddenly her heart stiffened with dread. What had she done! She'd been wrong to leave the children. Suppose Tommy took them into the house, and the house caught fire from the barn! She hadn't thought of the wind and the house. She'd only thought of saving the barn!

Desperately she pulled at Dark Boy's mouth. But he was going at a full runaway gallop, the bit between his teeth. Stop now? Go back? No!

There was one way that she might save precious seconds: take him across the fields, the short cut, the way the children went to school. That way it was only two miles! There were fences between the fields, but Dark Boy was a steeplechaser

and trained to jump. She'd have to take a chance on jumping him now. They thundered toward the cutoff.

Peering ahead for fallen trees as the branches groaned and creaked above her, she guided him into the little lane that ran straight into a field where the main road turned sharply. Now he was responding to her touch, his great muscles flowing under his glossy coat like smoothly running water. She held him straight toward the stile at the far end of the field. Here was the place to take their first jump. Would he shy before it and make them lose the moments they were saving? Or would he take it smoothly?

She leaned anxiously forward and patted Dark Boy's silky neck. "Straight into it, beautiful! Come on, Boy!"

Dark Boy laid back an ear as he listened. A few yards ahead of the stile she tightened the reins, lifted his head, and rose lightly in the stirrups. Dark Boy stretched out his neck, left the ground almost like a bird, she thought. His bright hooves cleared the stile.

"Wonderful, beautiful Boy!" Ginger cried as they thudded on.

Now to the second fence! Over it they went, smooth as silk. Her heart lifted.

Down below them in the valley the little town of Honeybrook flashed in and out of sight behind the tortured trees. She thought briefly of the steep bank from the lower field onto the road below. What would Dark Boy do there? Would he go to pieces and roll as horses did sometimes to get down steep banks? Or could she trust him, count on his good sense, hold him firmly while he put his feet together and slid with her safely to within reach of the fire alarm?

They were headed now across a rounded field. Dark Boy lengthened his glistening neck, stretched his legs in a high gallop. Just then, irrelevantly, Tommy flashed into Ginger's mind, his torn pants leg flapping in the wind. "Barbed wire! Oh, Dark Boy!"

Here was a danger she had not considered, a danger that stretched straight across their path, one she could not avoid! The lower end of Zigafos's field, the one they were crossing now at such headlong speed, was fenced with it. Dark Boy couldn't possibly see it! This time she would be helpless to lift him to the jump. He'd tear into it, and at this pace he would be killed. She would never give her warning. Her heart beating wildly, she pulled the reins up to her chest.

"This way, Boy!" turning his head.

He curved smoothly. There weren't two of them now; horse and rider were one. They made the wide circle of the field. First at a gallop, then dropping to a canter and a walk. She stopped him just in time. He was quivering, shaking his head, only a few feet from the nearly invisible, vicious wire. As she slid to her feet the wind threw her against him.

"Here, Boy, come on," she urged breathlessly. Dark Boy,

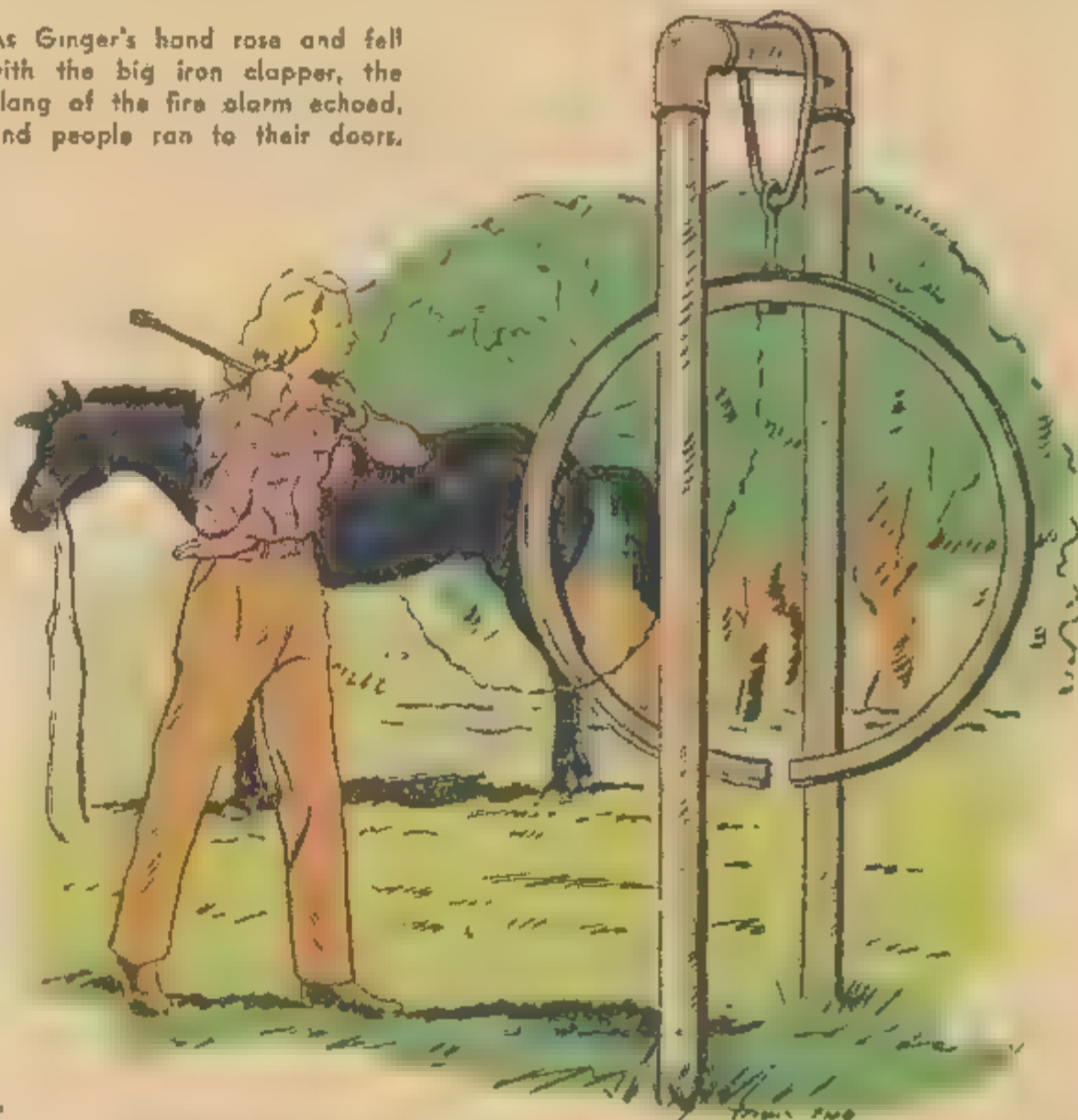
still trembling, followed her. She skinned out of her sweater and whipped its brilliant red over the barbed wire, flagging it for him. "There it is, Boy, now we can see it!"

Dark Boy was breathing heavily. Without protest this time, he let her mount. She dug her heels into his flanks and put him back into a gallop for the jump. Amid a thunder of hooves she took him straight for the crimson marker. Dark Boy lifted his feet almost daintily, stretched out his head, and they were clear!

He galloped now across the sloping field. "Good Boy, good Boy!" she choked, patting his foaming withers as he stretched out on the last lap of their race against fire and time.

The wind was still sharp in her face, but the terrifying black clouds had veered to the south, traveling swiftly down the Delaware valley. She could see distinctly the spire of the old church rising above the near grove of trees. How far beneath them it still seemed!

As Ginger's hand rose and fell with the big iron clapper, the clang of the fire alarm echoed, and people ran to their doors.



That last fifty feet of the trail they would have to slide.

"Come on!" she urged, holding the reins firmly, digging her heels into his flanks to get one last burst of speed from his powerful frame. They flew along the ledge. Ahead in the clearing she could see the long bank that dropped to the road leading into the town. Just under top runaway speed but breathing hard, Dark Boy showed that the race was telling on him. With gradual pressure she began to pull him in.

"Slow, Boy, slow," she soothed. "You're doing fine! Don't overshoot the mark. Here we are, old fellow. Slide!"

His ears forward, his head dipped, looking down, quivering in every inch of his spent flanks, Dark Boy responded to the pressure of her knees and hands. Putting his four feet together, he half slid, half staggered down the bank and came to a quivering stop on the empty village street not ten feet from the great iron ring that gave the fire alarm. He was dripping and covered with foam.

As Ginger's hand rose and fell with the big iron clapper, the clang of the fire alarm echoed, and people ran to their doors. The alarm boomed through the little covered bridge up to Smith's machine shop. The men working there heard it and, dropping their tools, came running, not bothering to take off their aprons. It rang out across Mrs. Harnish's garden. Mr. Harnish and the oldest Harnish boy heard it and vaulted lightly over the fence, then ran, pulling on their coats.

While the big red engine roared out of the Holms' garage and backed up toward the canal bridge to get under way, Ginger called out the location of the fire. She fastened Dark Boy securely to a fence and climbed into the fire truck. They roared away up the hill.

Ginger looked at her watch

again. In just eight minutes she and Dark Boy had made their race through the storm. It seemed eight hours! A few more minutes would tell whether or not they had won.

"Please, God," Ginger whispered, "take care of Tommy and the girls!"

They slowed briefly at Erwin's corner to pick up two more volunteers, then sent the big red truck throbbing up Tur-

rowed and he held them fixed to the road as he steered.

Ned Holm gasped. "You mean that steeplechaser nobody can stay on?"

"I stayed on!"

They rounded the turn at the top of the hill. Now they could see the great black cloud of smoke whirling angrily over the O'Malleys' trees. As they came to a throbbing stop in the O'Malleys' yard and the men set up the pump at the well, a corner of the house burst into flames. Five minutes more and . . .!

Tommy ran panic stricken toward them. The barn was blazing fiercely now and in a little while all that would be left of it would be the beautiful Pennsylvania Dutch stone work. A stream of water played over the house. Sparks were falling thick and fast but the stream was soaking the shingles.

Ginger caught Tommy in her arms. "Where are the kids?" she shouted.

"In—in the house. I carried them up and then put the fence at the stairs. They don't like it much!"

Ned Holm ran with Ginger up the steep, narrow stairs and helped her carry out the squirming, indignant children.

That night when the fire was out and the big O'Malleys were home, the little O'Malleys safely in bed, Ginger at home told her mother all about the day. She was a little relieved that nobody scolded her about riding Dark Boy. Her mother just cried a little and hugged her.

Next morning they saw Tim O'Malley riding Dark Boy up the Greys' lane. Ginger raced out to meet him. Tim swung down and led the black horse up to Ginger.

"Here's your horse," he said simply. "You've won him!"

Ginger stared at him speechless.

Tim went on. "I want you to ride Dark Boy next week in the Pembroke show. And I expect you to win!"

"We'll try, sir," said Ginger.

WILD GEESE AND BOMBERS

By NANCY LEE THOMPSON

Sixteen Years Old

Wild geese and bombers,
Forming a pattern against the sky—
The geese dipping and curving,
The bombers flying straight and high.

Wild geese and bombers,
Heading toward the shore—
The birds with calling and honking,
The planes with a mighty roar.

Wild geese and bombers,
Brothers under the skin,
Each with a secret mission,
Each with a will to win.

Wild geese and bombers,
Forming a pattern under the sun—
The planes symbolizing victory,
The birds, peace of the days to come.

tle Hill. Tears trickled down between Ginger's fingers. Ned Holm threw an arm gently around her shoulders.

"Good girl!" he said smiling at her reassuringly. "We go the hill up! We get there in time!"

Ginger shook the tears from her eyes and thanked him with a smile. But at the wheel Rudi set his lips in a grim line as he gave the truck all the power she had and sent her rocking over the rough road. Her siren screamed fatefully across the valley. A barn can burn in little time and catch a house, too, if the wind is right, and this wind was right!

"How'd you come?" he growled.

"Across the fields—on Dark Boy."

"Dark Boy!" Rudi's eyes nar-

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

RACE WITH DEATH!

SURE IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, QUICKIE!

BEAUTIFUL BUT HOT, R.C., LET'S STOP AT THE NEXT ROADSIDE STAND FOR SOME FROSTY ROYAL CROWN COLA

MAN ALIVE! THAT HORSE IS REALLY RUNNING, R.C.

YOU MEAN IT'S RUNNING AWAY! TURN THIS BLITZ BUGGY AROUND AND STEP ON IT! THAT GRL CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER

HELP!

DRIVE ACROSS THE DESERT, QUICKIE! WE'LL CUT 'EM OFF BEFORE THEY GET AROUND THAT BEND IN THE ROAD!

HANG ON TO YOUR BRIDGE WORK R.C.!

HELP!

QUICKIE DRIVES ACROSS THE BUMPY DESERT SO THAT THE JEEP WILL COME OUT ON THE ROAD AHEAD OF THE RUNAWAY!

KEEP THIS GAS BURNER STEADY, QUICKIE-- I'M GOING TO TRY TO CLIMB ABOARD THAT NAG!

WISH I HAD SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA TO KEEP COOL WITH

HOLD ON MESS-- HERE I COME!

I'M SURE GLAD THIS ROAD IS SMOOTH

WHEN THE CRAZED HORSE COMES ABREAST OF THE JEEP, "R.C." LEAPS ON TO HIS BACK!

THERE, THERE FELLA--STEADY

DESERT REST

THAT WAS FAST THINKING BOYS--YOU DESERVE A PROMOTION

IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, SIR I WISH YOU WOULD PROMOTE US SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA! I'M ALL ON EDGE!

ROYAL CROWN COLA SOLD HERE

I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA WILL BRING YOU BACK, MISS--IT'S A SWELL QUICK-UP

RIGHT, QUICKIE--IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING COLA

WESTERN STAR JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:

HE'S PLENTY RIGHT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

"Yes, kids, Royal Crown Cola's the champ all right!" says Johnny Mack Brown, Johnny tasted leading colas without knowing which was which, and picked Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting. Try it today. You get TWO FULL GLASSES in every big 5¢ bottle.

Johnny Mack Brown, star of Monogram's "LAW OF THE VALLEY"

ROYAL CROWN COLA

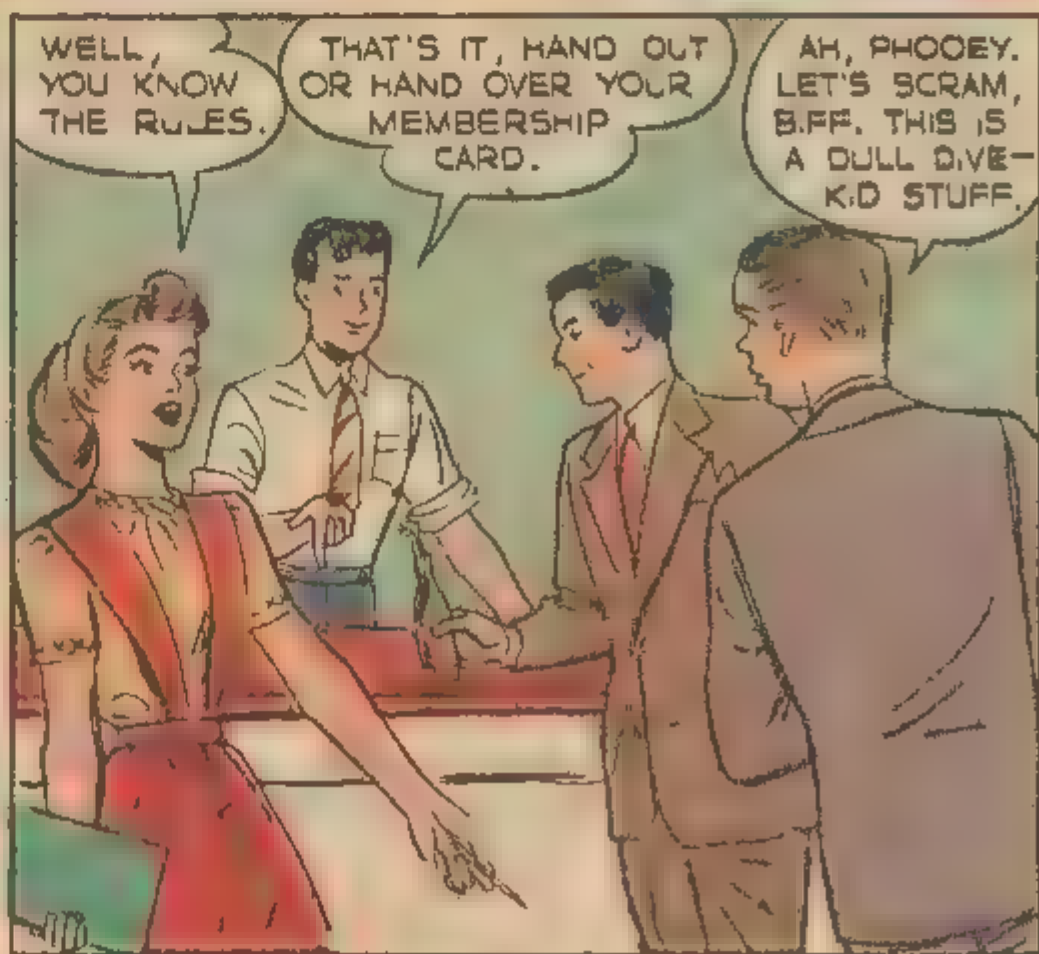
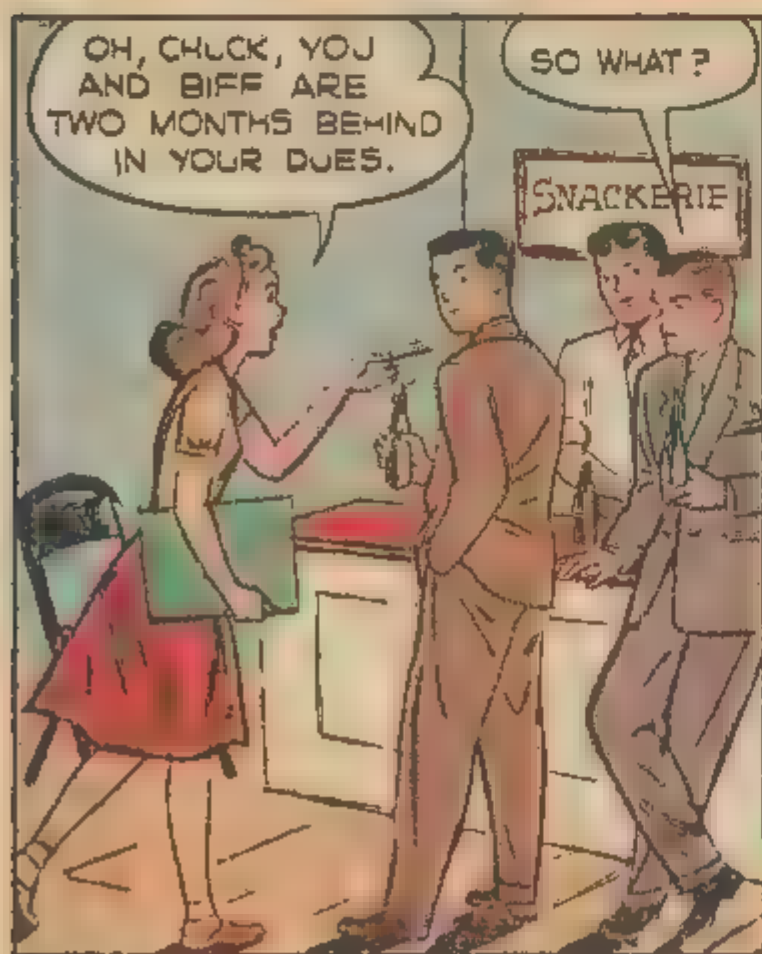
Best by Taste-Test!

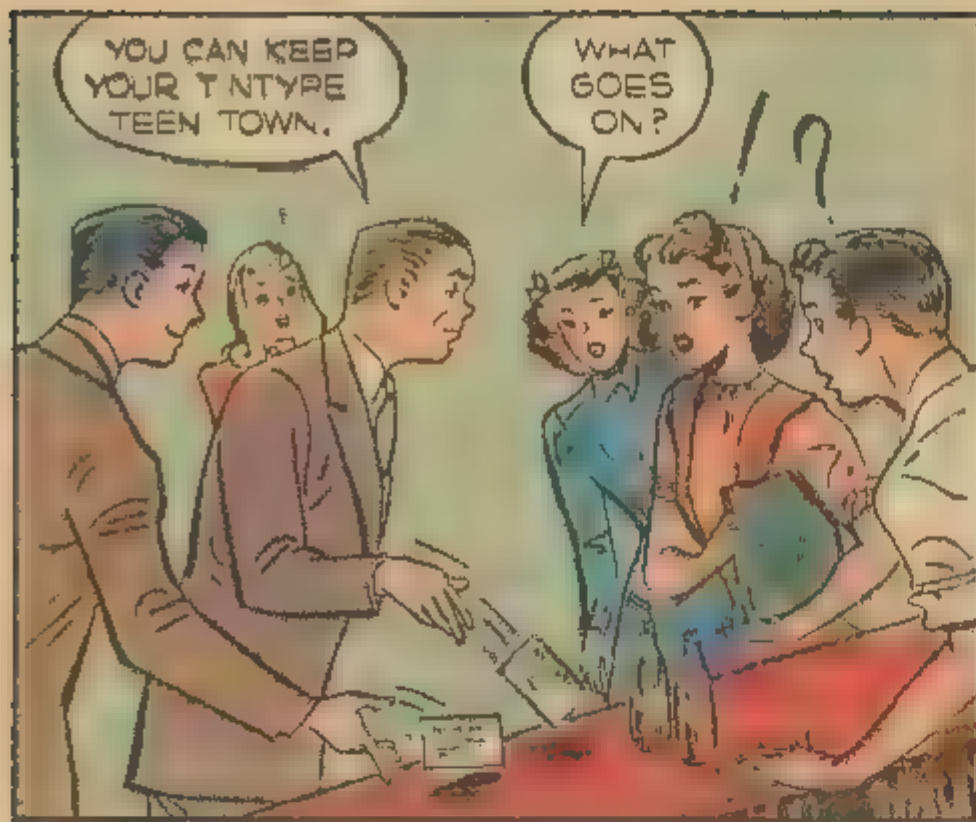
© 1941 Nat. Corporation



The VICTORY CLUB

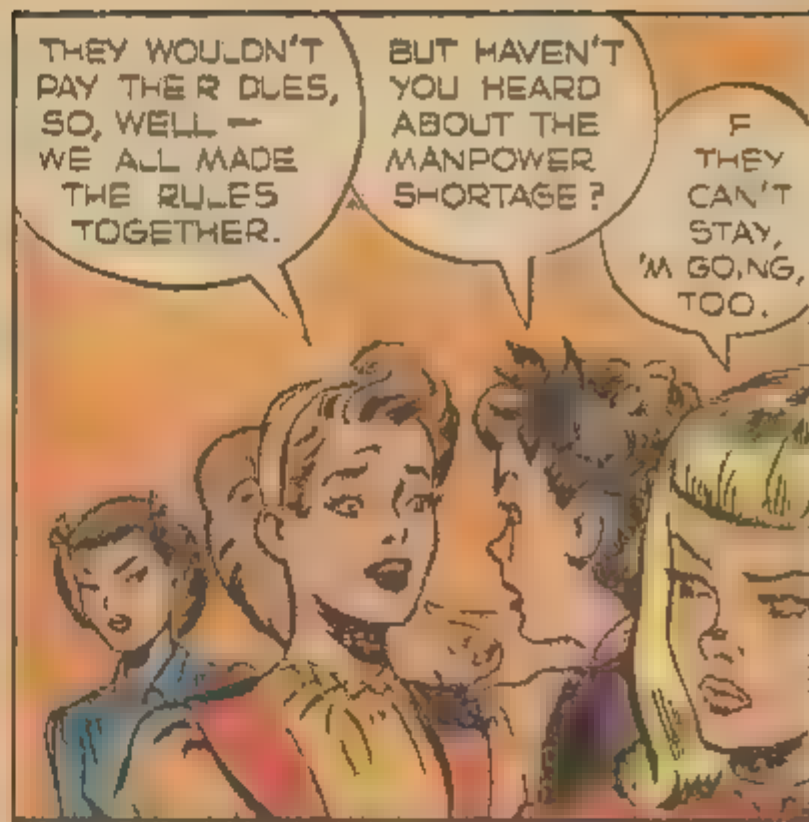
TEEN TOWN TOTTERS





YOU CAN KEEP
YOUR T NTYPE
TEEN TOWN.

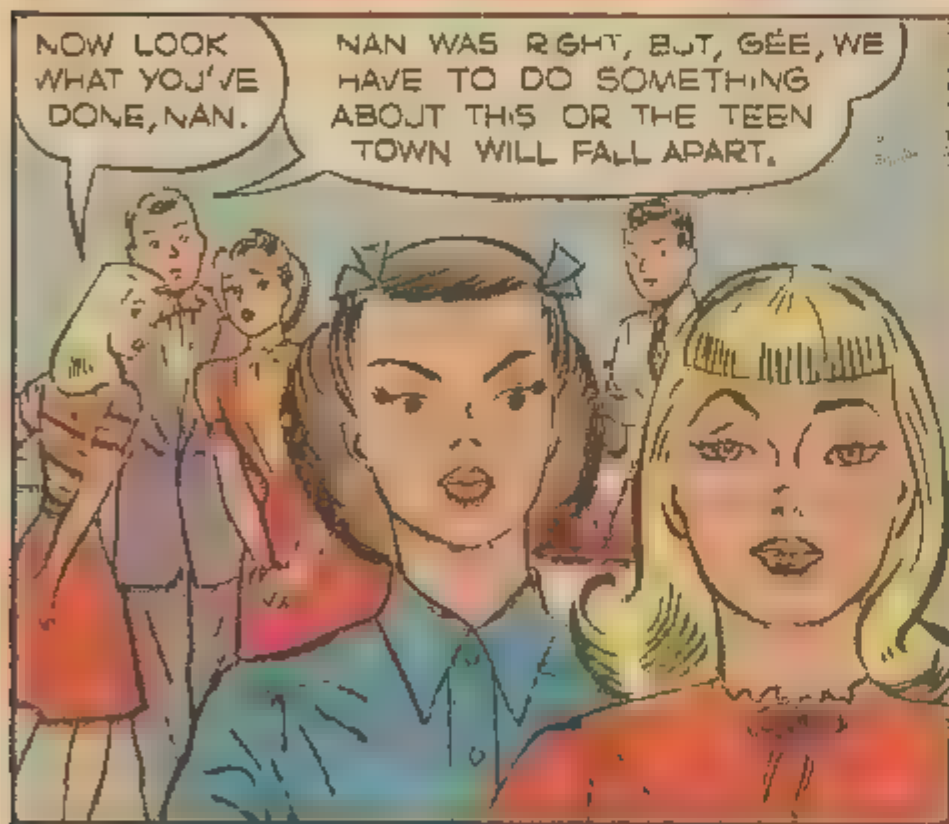
WHAT
GOES
ON?



THEY WOULDN'T
PAY THE R DLES,
SO, WELL -
WE ALL MADE
THE RULES
TOGETHER.

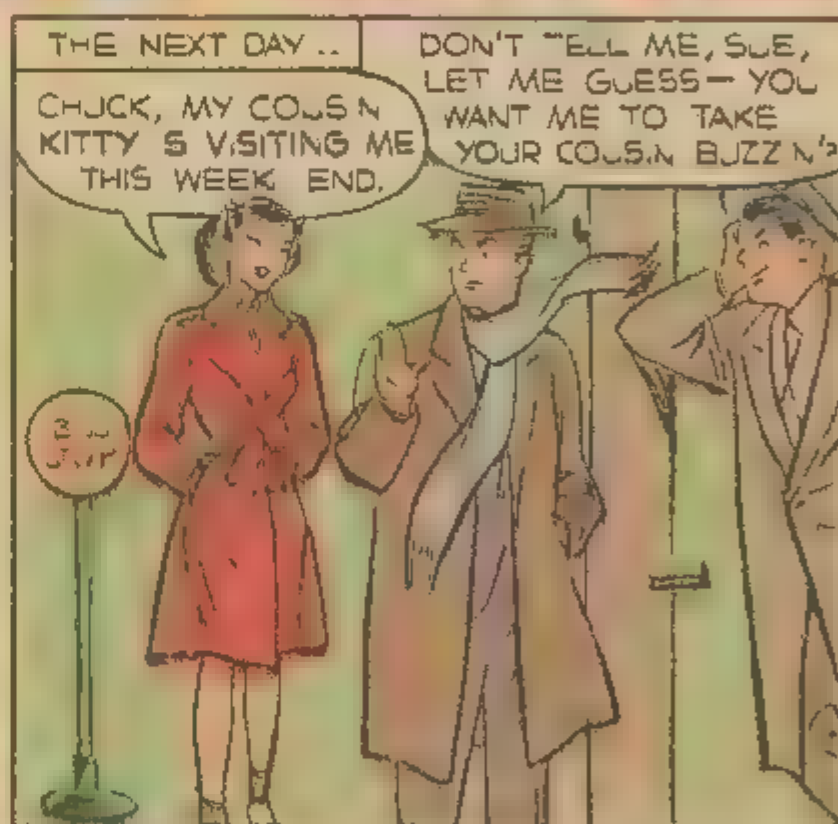
BUT HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD
ABOUT THE
MANPOWER
SHORTAGE?

F
THEY
CAN'T
STAY,
I'M GOING,
TOO.



NOW LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE, NAN.

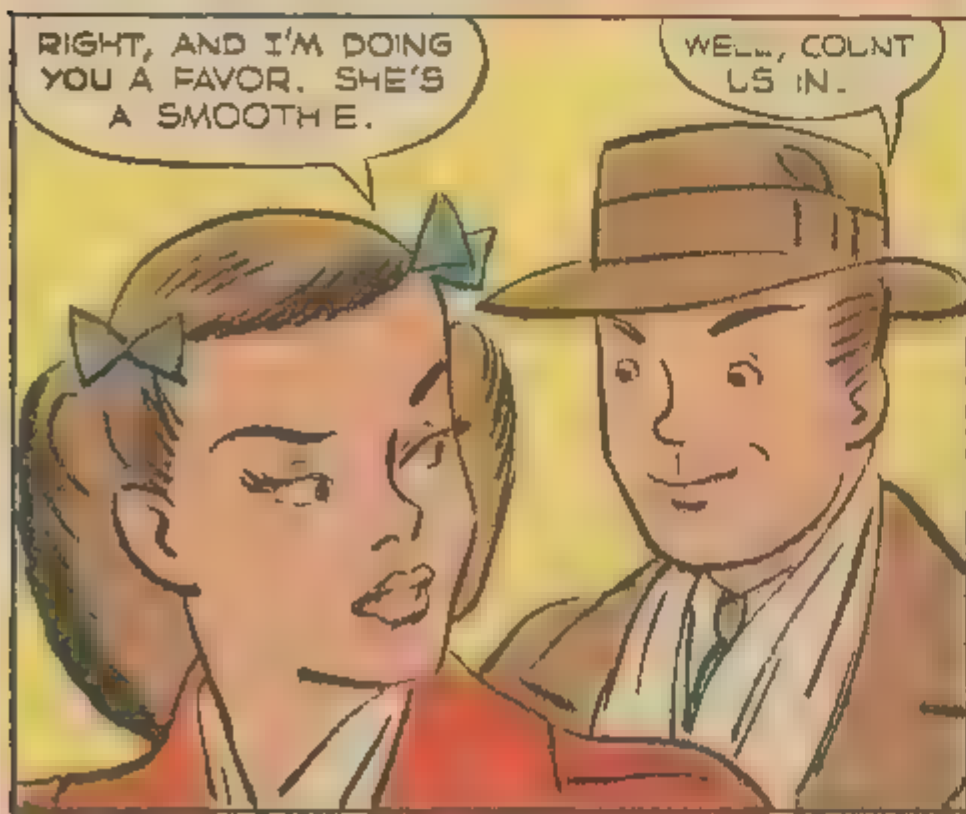
NAN WAS RIGHT, BUT, GEE, WE
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS OR THE TEEN
TOWN WILL FALL APART.



THE NEXT DAY ..

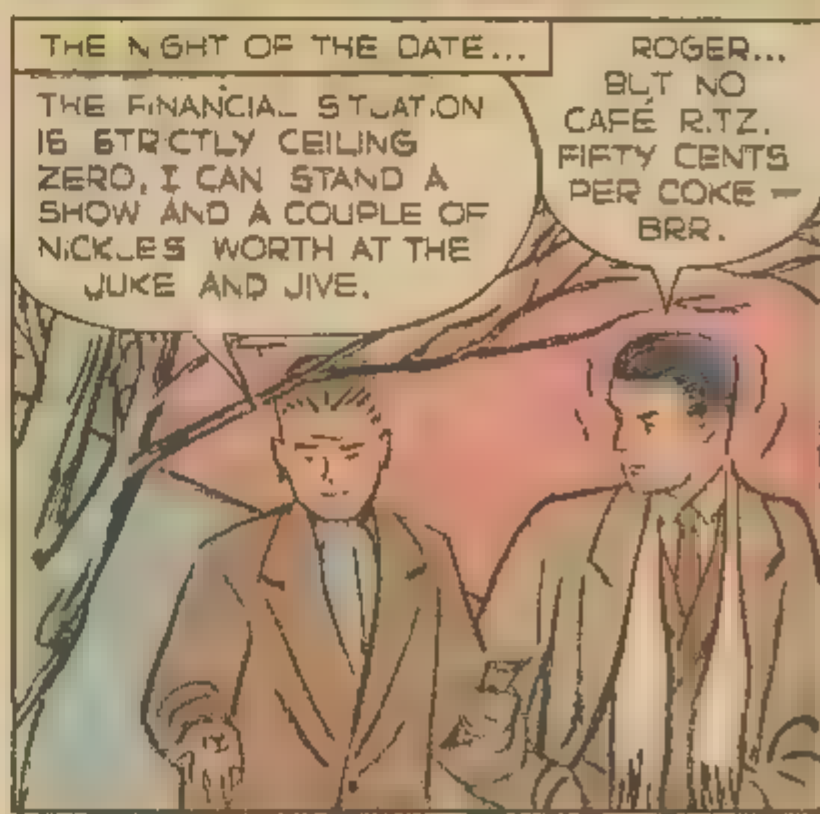
CHUCK, MY COUS N
KITTY S VISITING ME
THIS WEEK END.

DON'T TELL ME, SUE,
LET ME GUESS - YOU
WANT ME TO TAKE
YOUR COUS N BUZZ N'S



RIGHT, AND I'M DOING
YOU A FAVOR. SHE'S
A SMOOTH E.

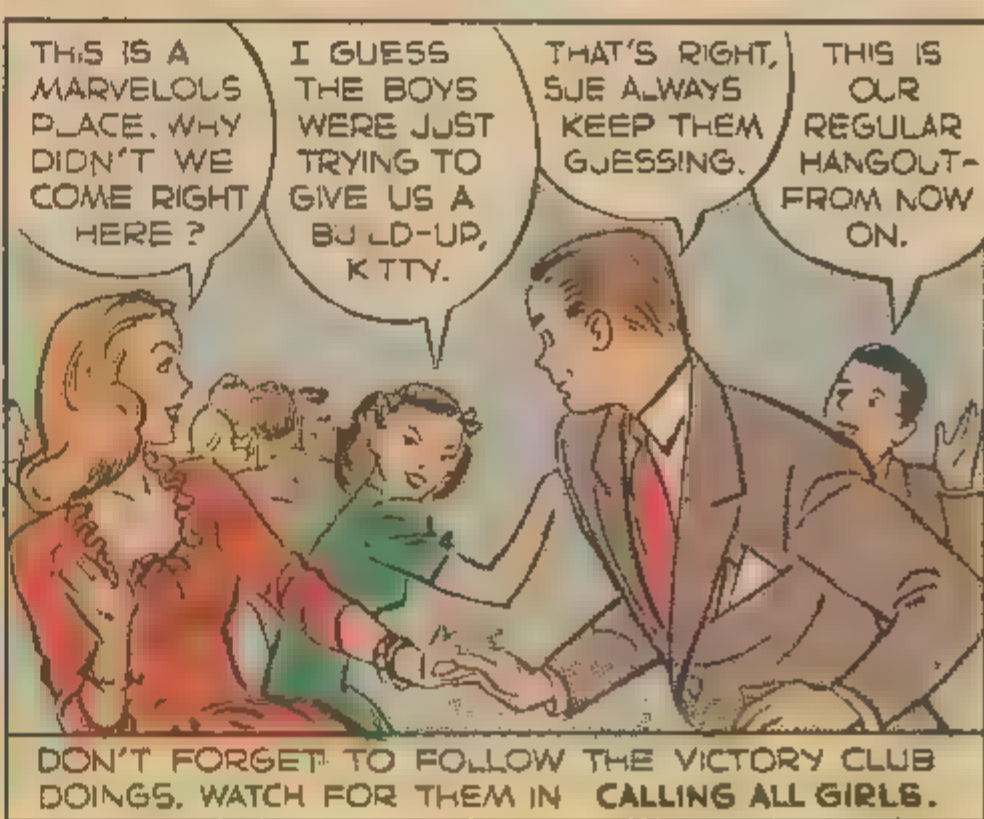
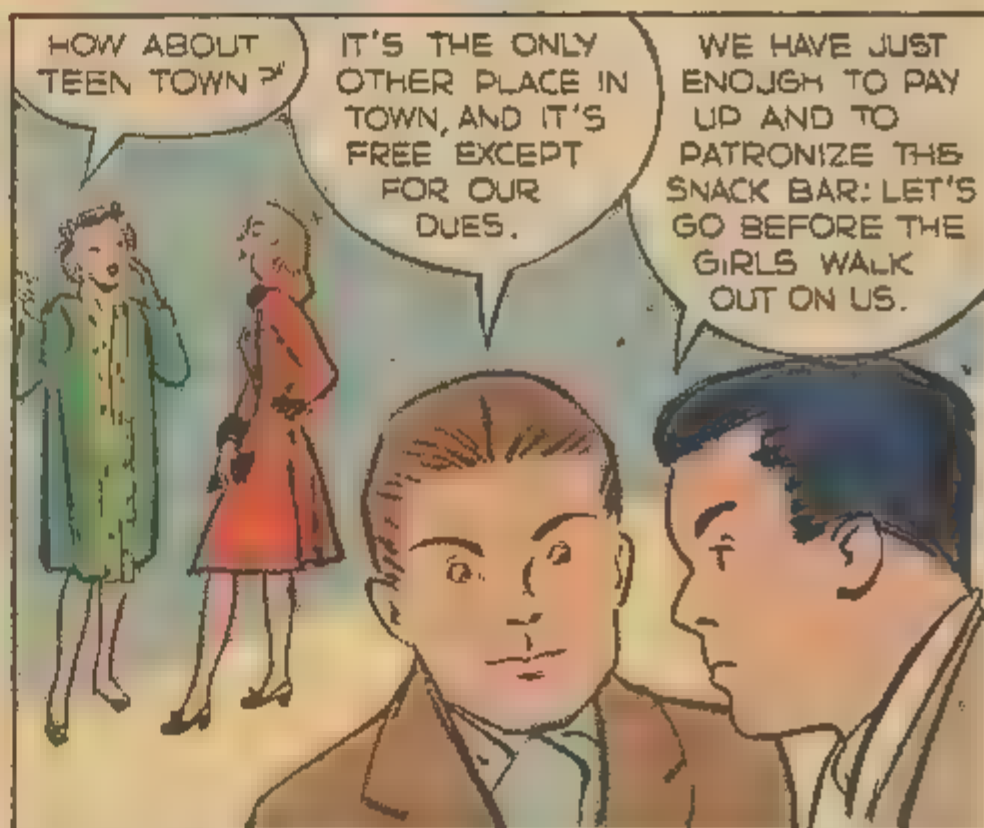
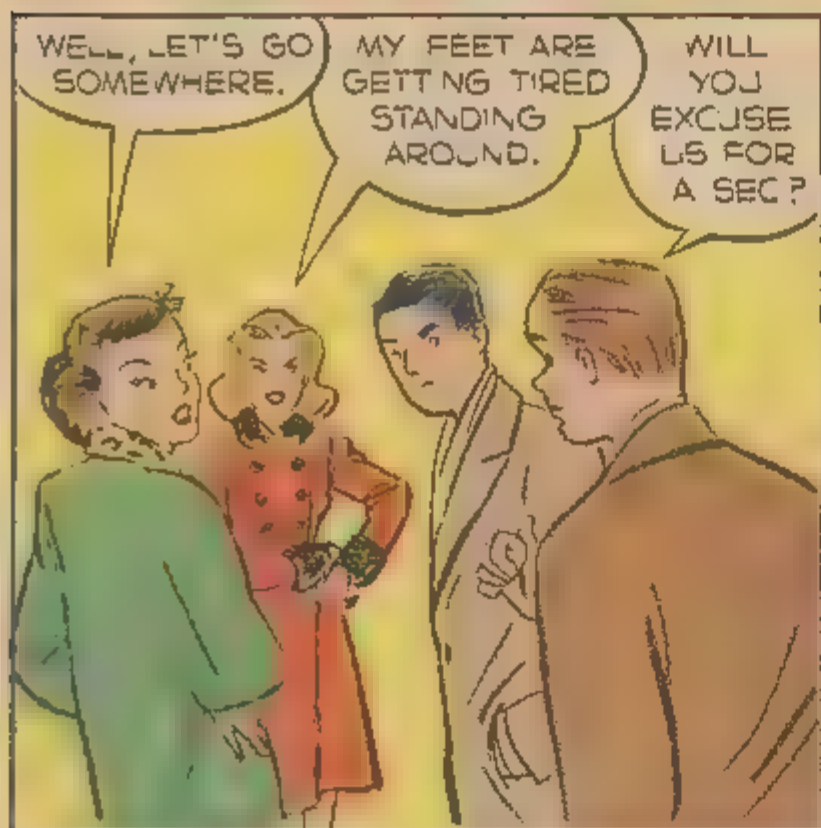
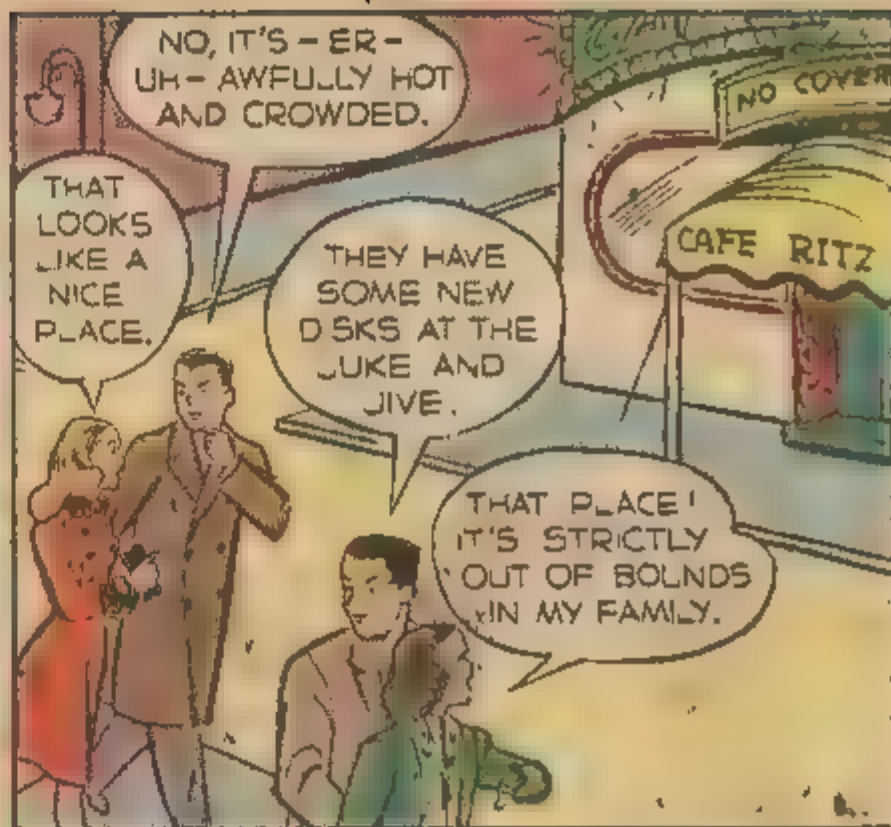
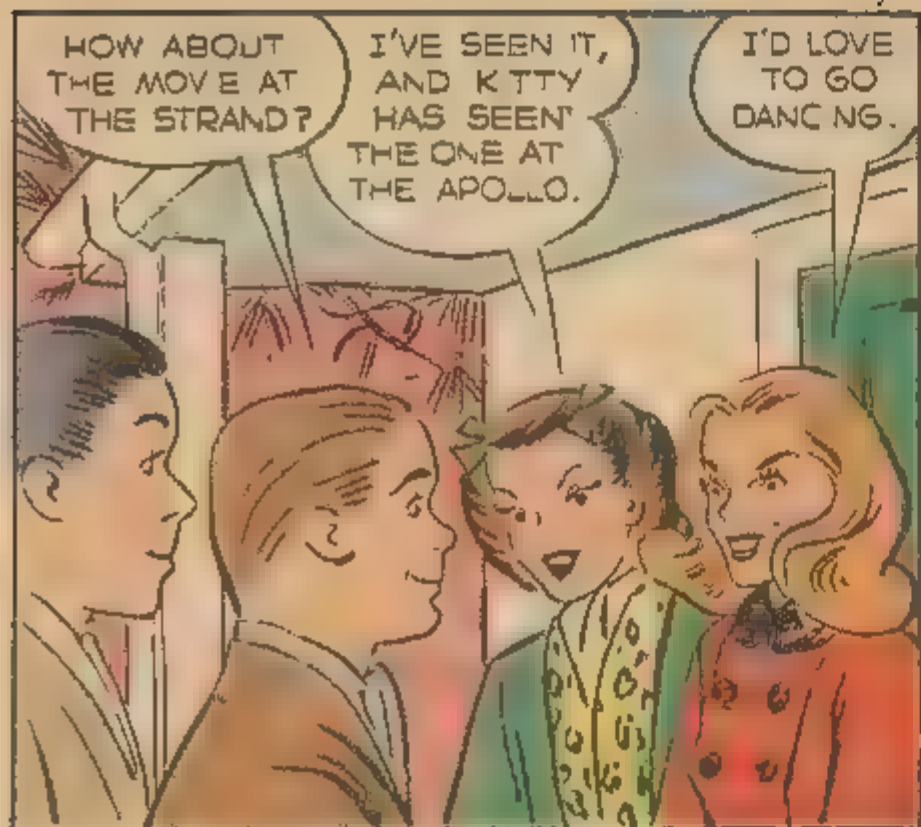
WELL, COUNT
US IN.



THE NIGHT OF THE DATE...

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION
IS STRICTLY CEILING
ZERO, I CAN STAND A
SHOW AND A COUPLE OF
NICKLES WORTH AT THE
JUKE AND JIVE.

ROGER...
BUT NO
CAFÉ R.T.Z.
FIFTY CENTS
PER COKE -
BRR.



DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 12)

"Well," Gilly swallowed. Even now she sort of hated to tell him about it—Doug had said she was a really good photographer and now he wouldn't think so any more—but of course there wasn't anything else to do."

"I just remembered it a minute ago. I guess maybe I'd sort of wanted to forget it. But you see, just before I took that picture of the thief, I'd made another shot of him. I think I only caught his back—he turned just as I snapped the shutter. But still there might be something on it we could identify him by. Only—it's a double exposure. The minute I'd taken it, I remembered I hadn't turned the roll forward after my last picture on Saturday. That's why I didn't show it to you last night. I cut it off and threw it away. I—well, I didn't want you to think I was that dumb, I guess."

Doug stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk and held out his hand. His eyes were twinkling and he looked almost like himself for the first time since that awful moment the night before when Mr. McCord had been discovered.

"Gilly, don't think I don't appreciate what a sacrifice you're making—telling me this. And don't think I haven't thrown away double exposures in my day, too. Plenty of them."

Gilly took his hand and they shook solemnly. "I was afraid you'd guessed—you asked me if I always cut my rolls into individual negatives," she grinned. "I don't, of course, I was just trying to conceal my crime." Her own last words sobered her instantly. "But maybe it will be a help, Doug. Shall we go print it and see?"

But they decided to wait until school was out. Neither of them wanted to cut the day's classes—Gilly, especially, Doug pointed out, was new and having a hard enough time as it was making things up. Besides, Mr. McCord might only worry more to have them out of school

and hanging around all day.

"Dad's always trying not to worry me," Doug said. "Of course I'd have insisted on staying home and keeping the shop open, but the police still have it locked up. And there's nothing I could do for Dad—Dr. Edwards got us a good nurse."

Gilly did her best to keep her mind on her work that day, but it was difficult. For one thing, so many people wanted to talk to her that she could hardly recall how she'd felt when—was it only last Friday she felt so lonely? By second period everybody in school seemed to know of what had happened at the flower shop the night before, and of Gilly's role in it.

Fortunately nobody seemed to have heard that Mr. McCord himself was suspected of the theft, and Gilly hoped it would all be cleared up before news of the awful suspicion got around.

Several girls said it must have been awfully exciting—and wasn't she thrilled to be involved in something with that terribly nice Doug McCord? He was so aloof, they said; he hadn't paid attention to a single Clinton girl since he came to school. Gilly tried not to let them see how pleased and flattered she was by remarks like that; but mostly she found she didn't want to talk about the robbery at all, and it was a relief when the last class was over.

She and Doug found the negative all right that afternoon, crumpled up in the bottom of the wastebasket. They washed it carefully and straightened it out.

"If our burglar really knew all about photography, he should have looked for this, too," Gilly said, laughing a little nervously. "He ought to know there'd be a double exposure lying around somewhere." She was chattering to keep her courage up.

Doug was jittery, too. His hand shook as he put the little

rectangle into the enlarger, and they bent their heads over the test sheet, focusing carefully. It looked pretty jumbled, all right, but you couldn't always tell until the print was made.

Finally they were switching on the bright lights and inspecting the finished picture in the developing tray.

The first shot Gilly had taken on that negative had been of a swarthy fruit dealer in the Clinton Market, standing in the midst of his intricately piled wares. Oranges and grapefruits and lemons and pears made a sort of all-over pattern. It was on top of this that the second picture—that of the thief in the flower shop—had been made.

"Oh, Doug," Gilly whispered miserably. "Oh, Doug! It's no good at all! Why, you can't even be sure there was a man behind the counter."

(To be continued)



SNAZZY HAIRBOWS BY *Julianne*

Catch compliments with these beau-catching bows! Every color, every kind . . . just what you need to look bright and perky. The price? Sweet and low . . . Julianne Bows are a mere nickel and a dime at your 5-and-10c or chain store.

Hats off to Hair Bows!
Styled by Julianne

A. EDWARD FUNKE & COMPANY
244 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

COOKIE LEARNS WHAT'S RIGHT WITH RICE

MUM, JACKIE AND I ARE STUCK. LOOK AT THIS GUP. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE BOILED RICE.

OH, COOKIE, THAT IS A MESS. LET'S START OVER



DRY, FLAKY RICE IS EASY IF YOU KNOW THE TRICKS.

WASH AND DRAIN 1 CUP RICE FOR 4-6 PERSONS.

THAT GETS OFF THE RICE DUST.

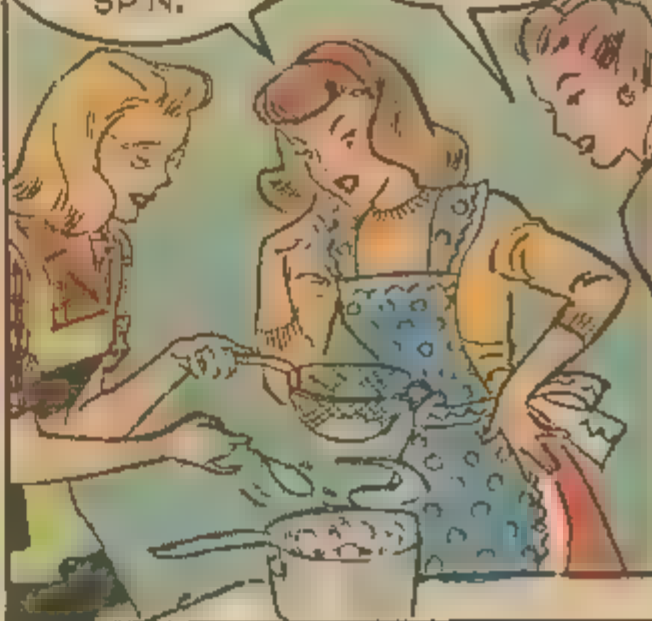
WHICH IS THE STUFF THAT TURNS TO GLUE—ALMOST—IF YOU DON'T GET IT ALL OFF.



ADD SLOWLY WITH 1 TEASPOON SALT TO 2 QUARTS RAPIDLY BOILING WATER.

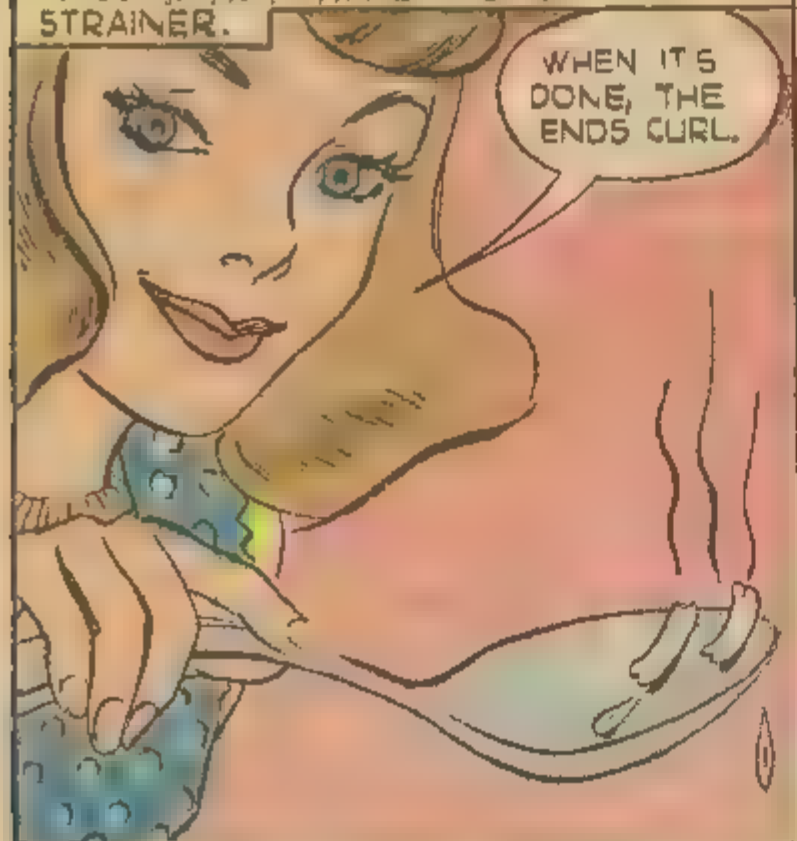
BOY, THE BOILING WATER REALLY GIVES IT THE SPN.

THAT'S RIGHT, DON'T LET IT SETTLE OR IT STICKS.



COOK WITHOUT STIRRING FOR 25 MINUTES. DRAIN IN STRAINER, POUR 2 CUPS HOT WATER OVER THE STRAINER.

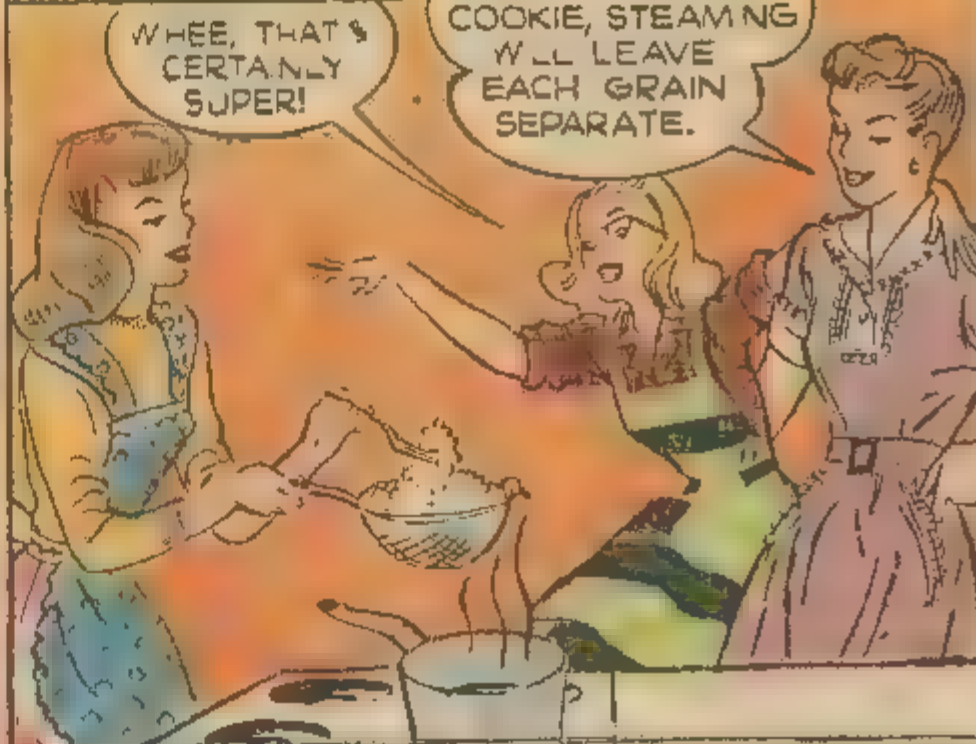
WHEN IT'S DONE, THE ENDS CURL.



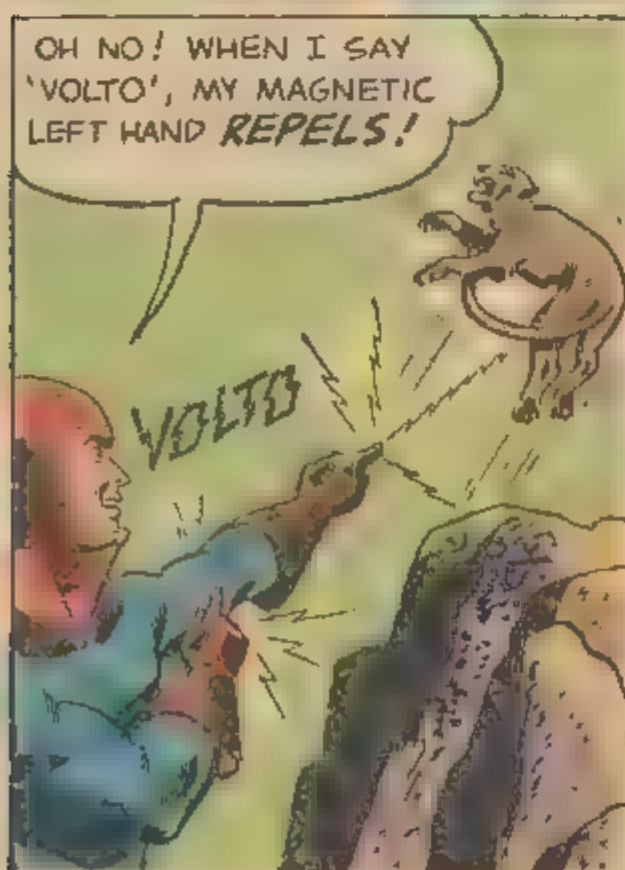
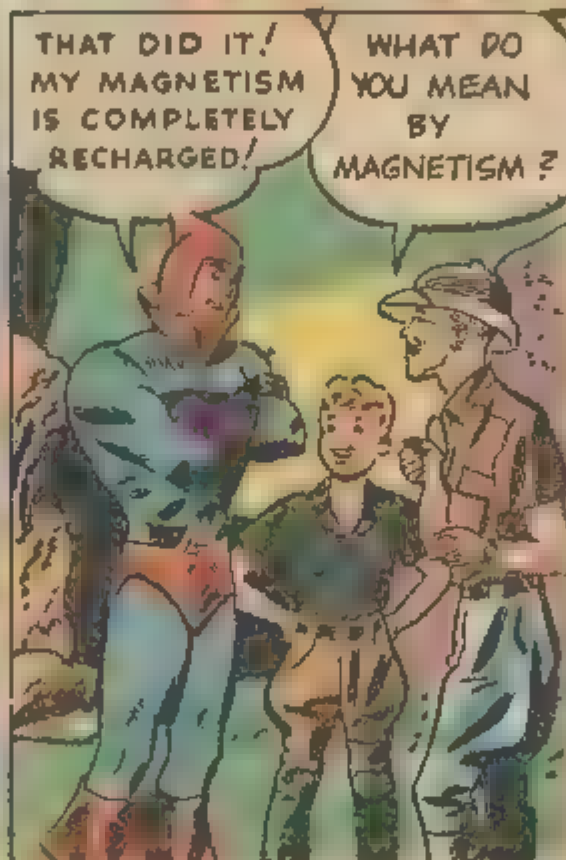
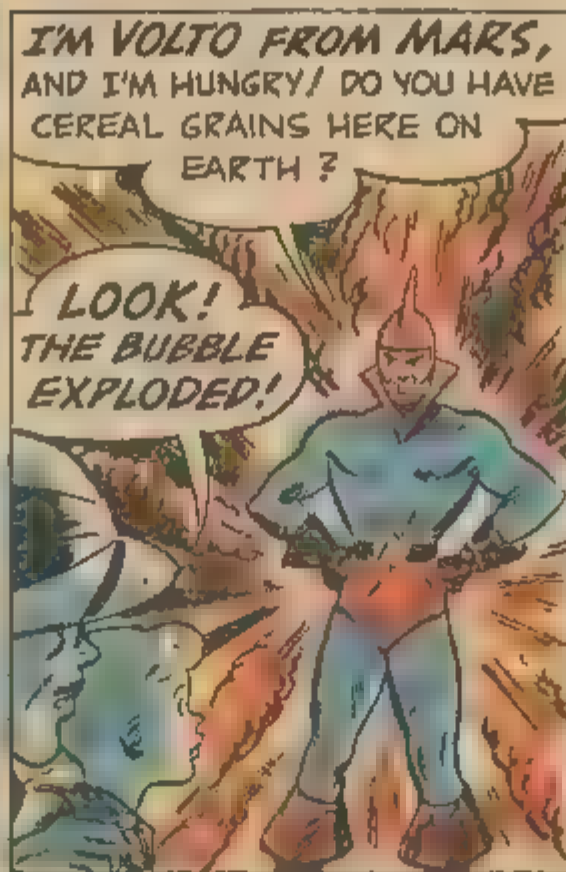
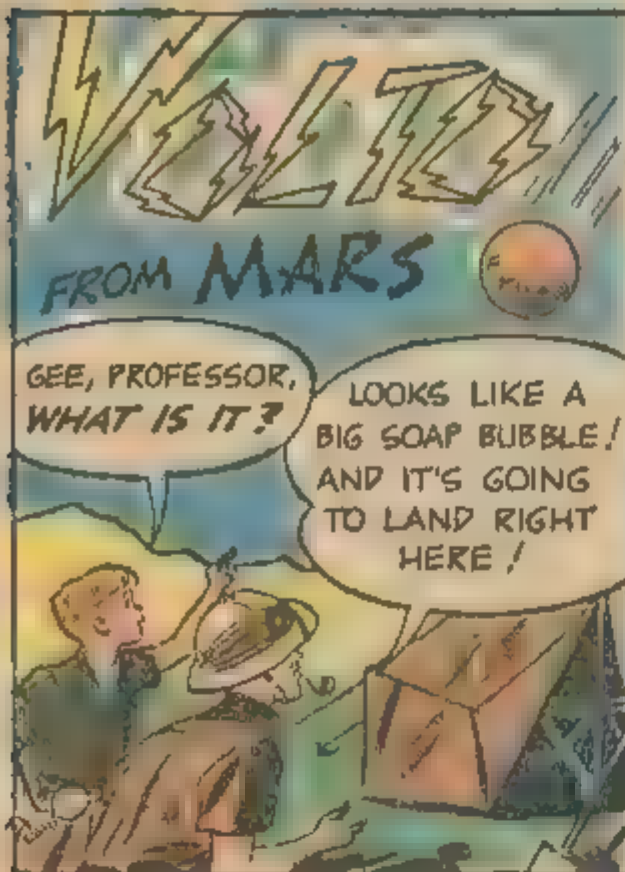
FORK UP TO LOOSEN, SET STRAINER OVER BOILING WATER TO STEAM FOR 5 MINUTES OR UNTIL SERVED.

WHEE, THAT'S CERTAINLY SUPER!

COOKIE, STEAMING WILL LEAVE EACH GRAIN SEPARATE.

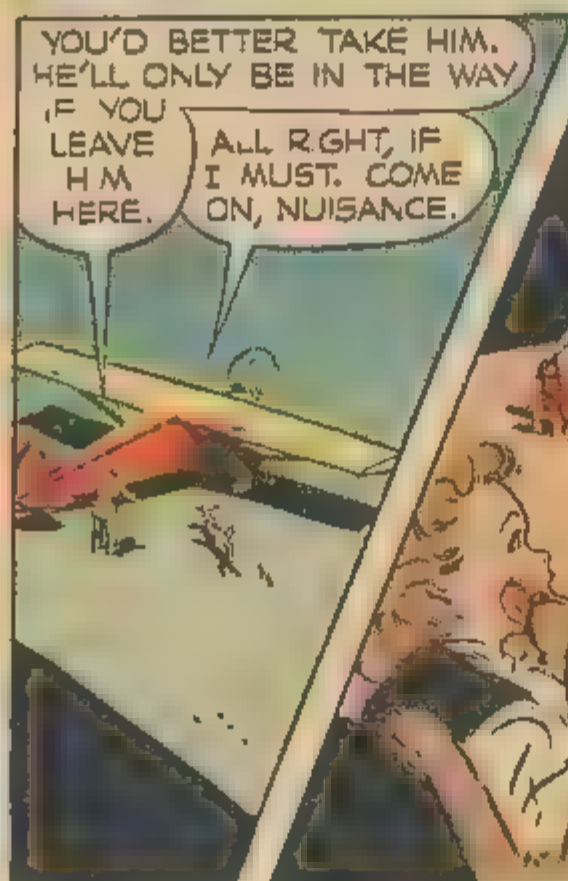


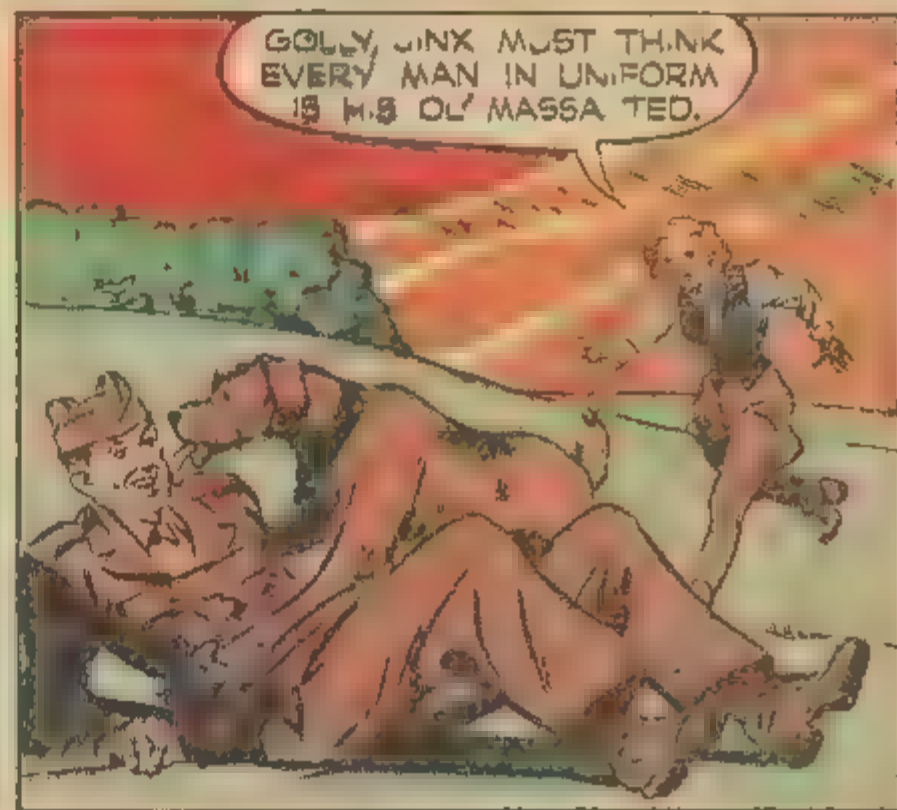
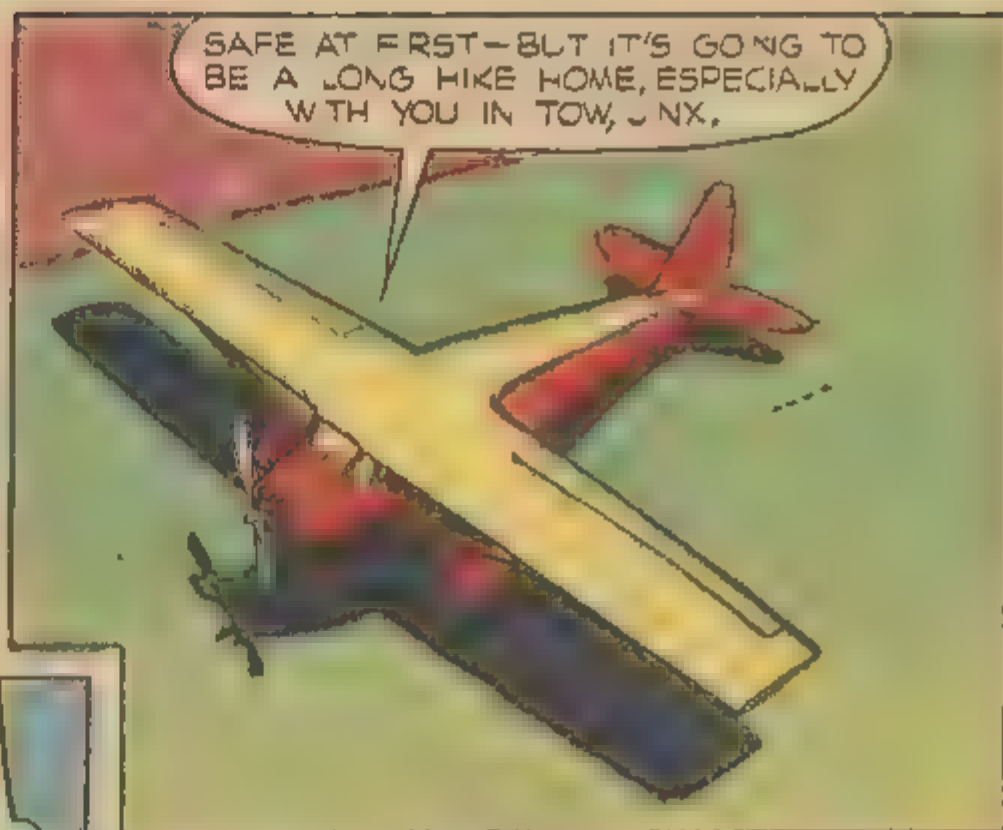
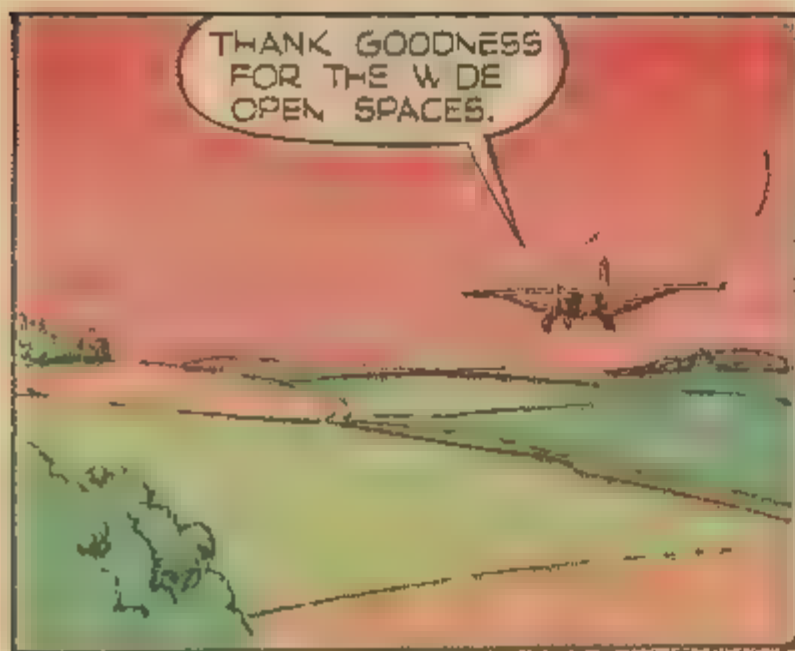
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! FOR RICE RECIPES SEE PAGE 63.

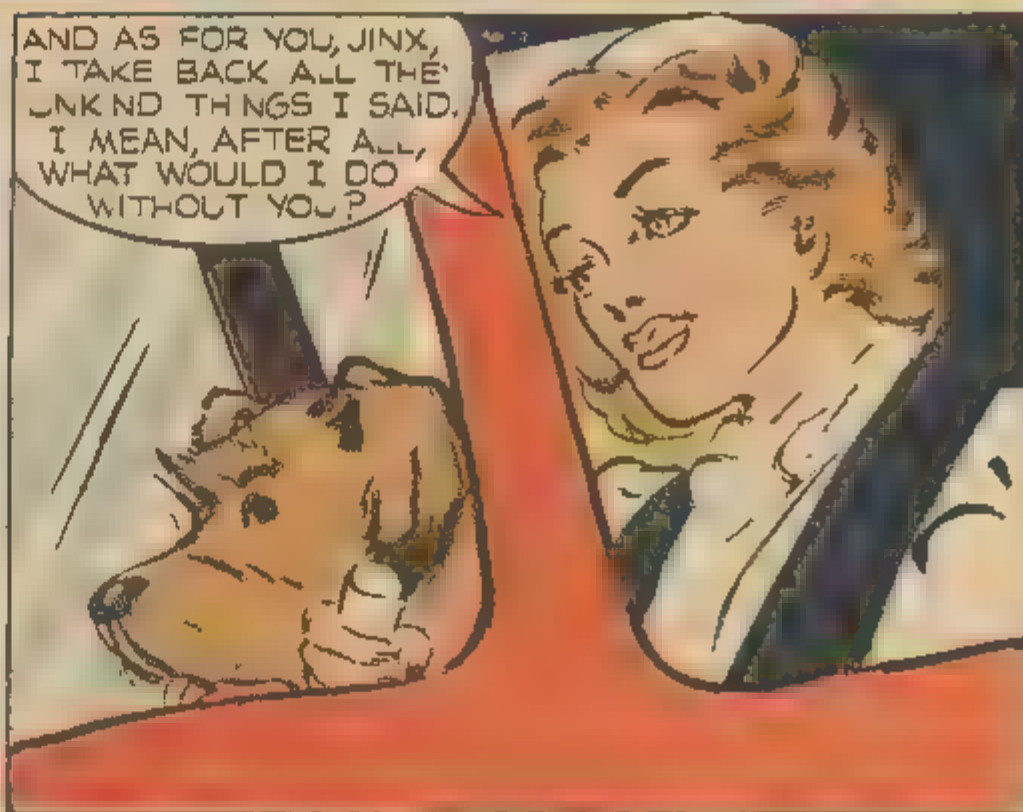
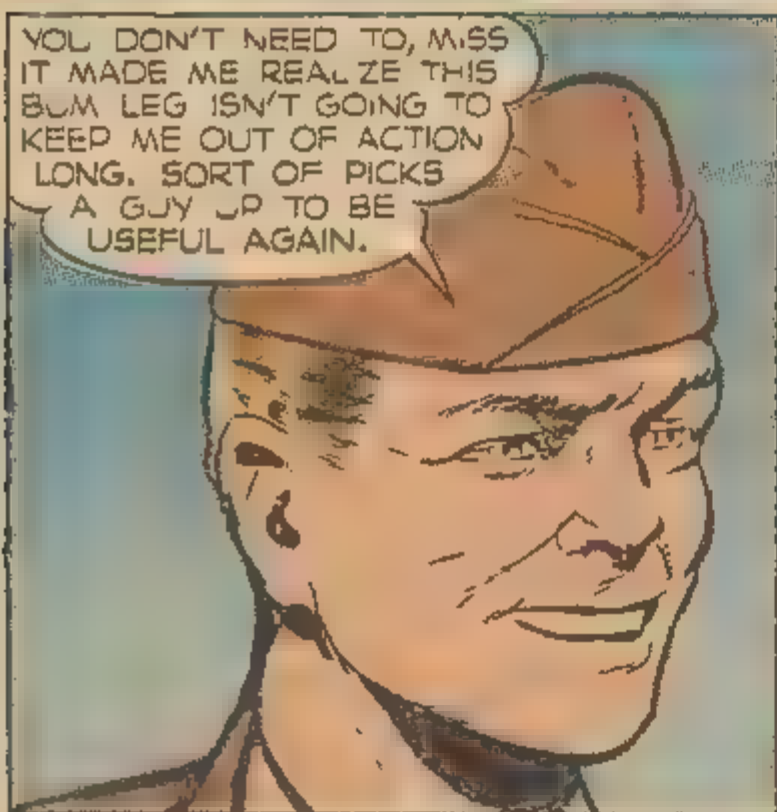
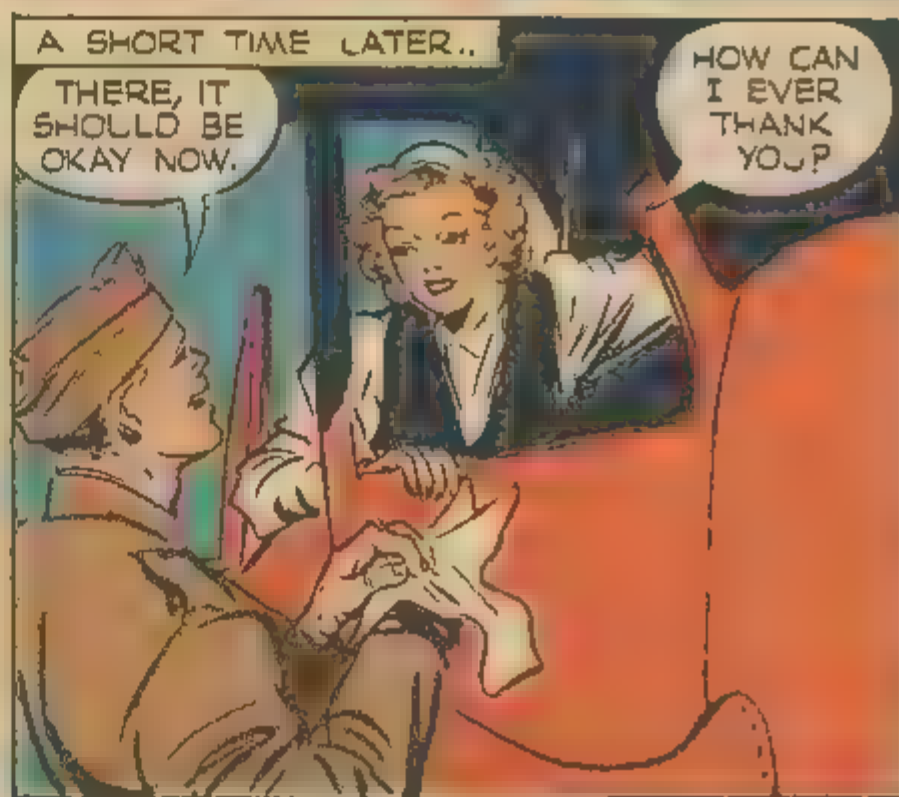
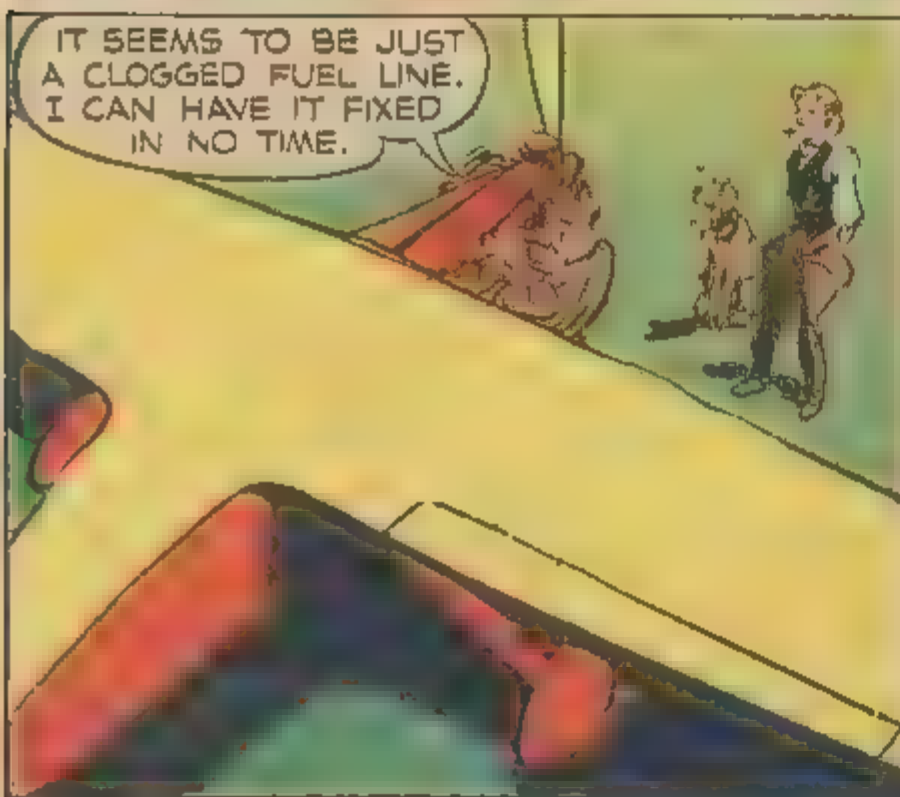
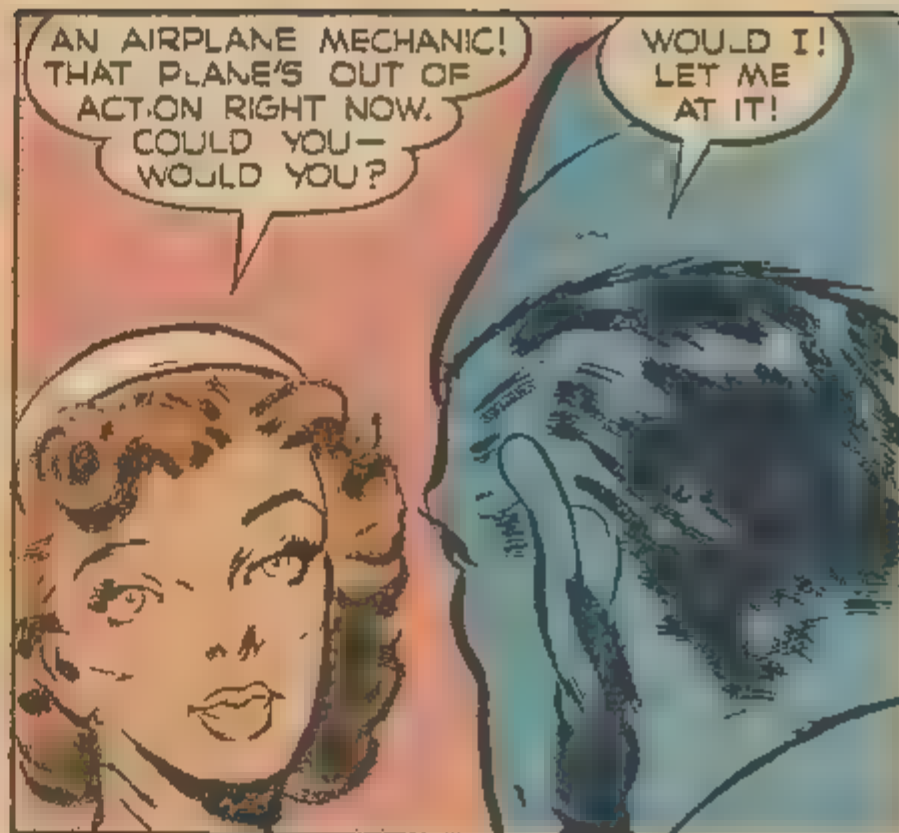


JUDY WING

RESCUE
BY JINX







THE DRESS

(Continued from page 6)

every one of her teachers—not only permission but an enthusiastic blessing. During her first study hour she went to the principal's office. Mr. Bell looked at her almost respectfully as she stated her errand.

"Elizabeth," he said at last, "I guess I owe you an apology. I had you ticketed as a nice young girl, but rather . . ."

"Feather-brained," offered Liz helpfully.

Mr. Bell smiled. "Ah, that is not, perhaps, just the adjective I would have selected, but it is extremely descriptive. Yes, ah, feather-brained.

"Now I find you to be fully aware of one of the grave problems facing all communities. Not only aware of it, but ready to take decisive action. Well, go to it, Elizabeth." Mr. Bell nodded dismissal. "Not many girls would take a routine job just to keep the wheels of Lambertville turning."

Liz hurried down the hall. The wheels of Lambertville indeed. The only thing she wanted to keep turning was the dress, and she'd swirl that at a dizzy pace when Kenny Maitland sounded off with his mighty licorice stick.

The grapevine at school was a powerful thing. Better than radar, Robin contended. The crowd knew almost as much about Liz's job as Liz herself did when they met at lunch.

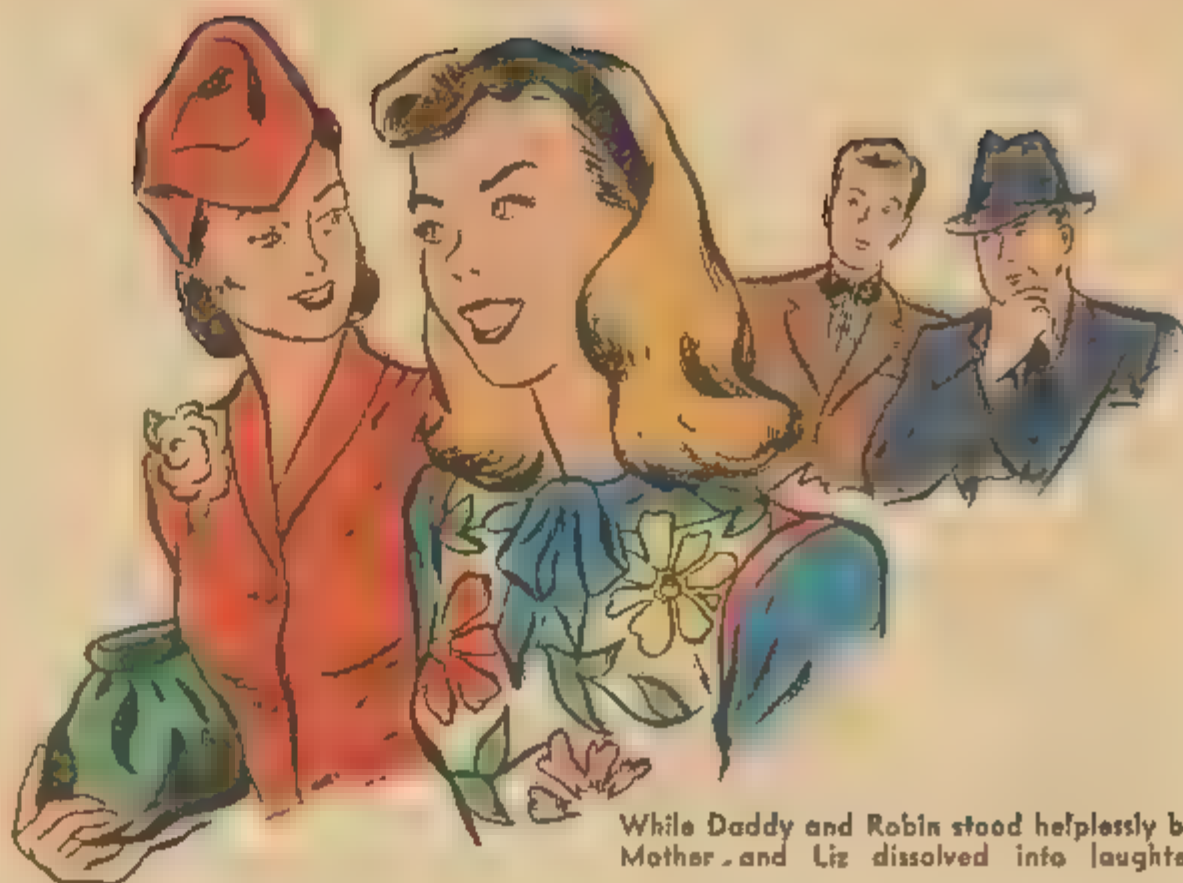
"Who'd have thought our Liz would be the next patriot?" Dick James greeted her with mock awe.

"Who, indeed!" echoed Sally, and flounced a little. "Especially in a spot where she can't wear a uniform."

"Good gosh, she's jealous!" Liz thought. "Jealous of me and my ten-dollar job. Wait till she sees me in the dress."

"Shove down," whispered Robin. Liz obligingly shoved until she and Robin were separated from the rest of the crowd by a few feet of bench.

"I just wanted to tell you," Robin kept his voice low, "that I think I'll keep on with my paper



While Daddy and Robin stood helplessly by, Mother and Liz dissolved into laughter.

route. It probably seems sort of kiddish, but I've built that route up since grade school, and it pays off pretty well. Besides, my customers are used to me."

"My goodness, Robin, you don't have to explain to me!"

"Well, I just thought you might be wondering why a big lout like me isn't taking a man-sized job. I was thinking during French that as long as you're tied up anyway now in the afternoons, I could get the papers around and bone up on a little math besides. Maybe get old Bell to help me out with some astronomy." Robin looked at her hopefully.

Why, Robin was discussing things with her! Liz was tongue-tied. She and Robin had played around together practically since they had graduated to rompers, but this was the first time that he had, well, explained.

"Sounds like a firm plan," she murmured.

All this respect, all this my-how-Elizabeth-has-grown-up, just because she was going to work at Franklin Printing for a while to get the dress. Of course, to be perfectly honest. Liz admitted to herself, she hadn't told anyone about the dress. The way the crowd acted and the serious way Robin talked, she just couldn't tell.

The job at Franklin Printing

& Engraving turned out pretty much as Liz expected it would. She had to do the chasing down to the stock room for a gross of pencils and a ream of this and a ream of that. The only thing that really annoyed her was Mr. Fred. He had grunted when she showed up for work the first day, and he had grunted every afternoon since.

Still, the respectful admiration she got from the crowd and from Mr. Bell sort of made up for the dullness of the job. They all thought it was fine and exciting, and even Daddy seemed to think she must be having a high old time, for he was always asking how his little tycoon was getting along.

Liz was never quite sure whether Mother actually knew about the dress. Liz had been admiring it one Saturday when who should be reflected in Campbell's glass but Mother.

"Pretty," murmured Mother. "That color would do things for you, Elizabeth."

That was all Mother said, but Mother didn't join in on the family laughter when Daddy talked about his little tycoon. Mother seemed to be waiting, and there was a watchful look in the back of her eyes.

No, she never said anything, not even this morning when Daddy peeked over the newspaper and said, "This is the

big day, isn't it, baby?"

"This is it," Liz agreed.

"What do you say we make it a real party, Jan? I mean, let's take the kids to the Westmoreland for dinner before the dance?"

"In the main dining room, for dinner?" Liz begged. What a stir the dress would make!

"In the main dining room. You've worked hard for three weeks, honey, without a complaint and without missing a day. I think you've earned a treat. How about it, Jan?"

Then, if ever, Liz expected Mother to break the news, to say, "You've got this all wrong. Liz isn't working for Franklin. She's working for a yellow dress in Campbell's window." Instead, Mother had smilingly agreed that dinner at the hotel would be a grand treat. But the watchful look was still in her eyes as Liz kissed her good-bye and ran for her bus.

"Well, it's all over now," Liz concluded, as she hurried to the bank with her ten-dollar check. In fifteen minutes the dress would be tucked carefully in tissue. Then she'd tell grunting Mr. Fred to find himself another helper. The watchful look in Mother's eyes would be answered. But golly, who would give up the dress just because of a look in somebody's eyes! It wasn't reasonable.

The teller handed Liz ten dollars, and she folded it carefully around the other bills she'd worked so hard to save. This was it! Liz left the bank in great, surging excitement.

The Saturday crowds eddied and drifted past Campbell's and the little island Liz and the dress made as they admired each other in the window. The highly polished glass reflected them, but Liz saw nothing but the dress. Someone bumped her elbow gently and said, "Excuse me," and Liz saw that it was a young man. The apologetic smile of his wife signaled, "Excuse him. He can't see." Uniformed men hurried by. A vague voice remarked, "You got to admit the Chinese women and kids can sure take it." And another replied

sharply, "So could our women and kids if they had to." Nothing happened there in front of the dress. Nothing dramatic or sudden or vital. Nothing at all, really. Not even Liz Young knew why she turned on her heel and plodded back to the bank to say sourly, "Oh, give me a bond."

There was time enough, and money enough, to get something to brighten up the blue dress she'd have to wear for the thousandth time. Without much enthusiasm, Liz picked up a flowered weskit. She'd bought the bond, but she didn't have to like doing it.

"All I need now," she thought as she turned in at Franklin's, "is for Mr. Fred to grunt."

Mr. Fred looked at his watch.

"Back from lunch right on time, Elizabeth, I see." Well, so he could speak as well as grunt. "Isn't this the night the great Kenny Maitland plays at the Westmoreland?"

When Liz agreed that he had his dates straight, Mr. Fred bumbled on, "I expect you'd like to get off a little early? You young women seem to need quite some time to get fixed up."

"Not me," thought Liz. "Won't take me any time at all to crawl into that blue rag."

"I've arranged for you to get off at three-thirty. That ought to give you time enough to get prettied up for your young man. I, ah, I never thought you'd go through with the job. Didn't expect you that first

Monday, and when you came, I thought you'd stick it out a week. Then I figured two weeks. Now you've been here three and still going strong." Mr. Fred peered at her over the rims of his glasses, "You are still going strong, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Liz gently, "I'm still going strong, I guess."

"Fine!" beamed Mr. Fred. "Fine! You're a real help, Liz. Strong young arms and speedy young feet and a gay young laugh. We need you."

"I talk too much. Bad habit. Now, you shoot along at half past three. And have fun, Liz."

Mother came out of the kitchen when Liz opened the front door.

"Mr. Fred, the old duck, let me off early," Liz explained.

"Oh? That was nice." Mother eyed the package.

"Got a weskit to try to help my blue along tonight," Liz said. "Bought a bond today."

Mother said, "That was a fine investment, Elizabeth, dear. A very fine investment."

And Liz knew that was all Mother would ever say.

As the four of them—Mother and Daddy and Liz and Robin—walked down the street to the hotel for dinner, there was no way of dodging Campbell's window, or the dress waiting in lonely grandeur. Liz took the bull by the horns. She couldn't spend the rest of her life carefully not looking in Campbell's.

"That's the dress I almost bought for tonight," she said.

"Oh, that!" Robin looked it over. "Pretty, all right. But I'm glad you bought the one you've got on. It does something for you, Liz."

"I'm for blue, too," said Daddy.

Liz opened her mouth. Mother reached across that dumb Robin Liz was ready to murder and patted Liz's clenched hands.

"These men!" Mother chuckled. "These men!"

And while Daddy and Robin stood helplessly by and wondered what in the world they'd done now, Mother and Liz dissolved into ridiculous, silly, companionable laughter.

Treats in Store in **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

LUCK ON THE LIMBO

Maxine Sherr and M. M. Oblinger
give you another sharp story of
what a girl's quick thinking can do.

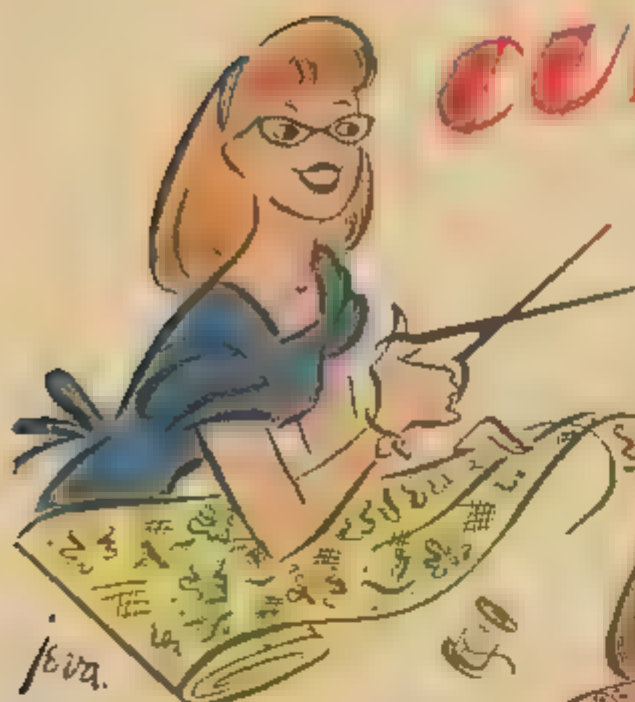
WHEN SISTERS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN

You love 'em, but they can be
very annoying. This article will
tell you what to do about it all.

And the other swell stories,
comics, articles, fashions you look
for in your favorite magazine.

Simplicity Sue

CUTS UP IN PRINT



STEP RIGHT UP, girls, and meet Simplicity Sue—a smooth character you're going to find in **CALLING ALL GIRLS** every month. Sue rates as one of the best-dressed gals in her class, and it's no wonder—because she sews her own! To begin the new year Sue recommends a new date dress combining print and plain fabric. She's picked three easy-to-make Simplicity Patterns. If you hit any snags, send an **S O S** to Simplicity Sue, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state your sewing problem and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Below—Simplicity Pattern 1065, teen sizes 10 to 16, 15c. Try a sturdy rayon like Wesco's Serg-A-Hed for the jumper and a spun rayon print for the ruffled blouse. Aren't the scallops swoony?



BUTTON 'N' BELT SETS

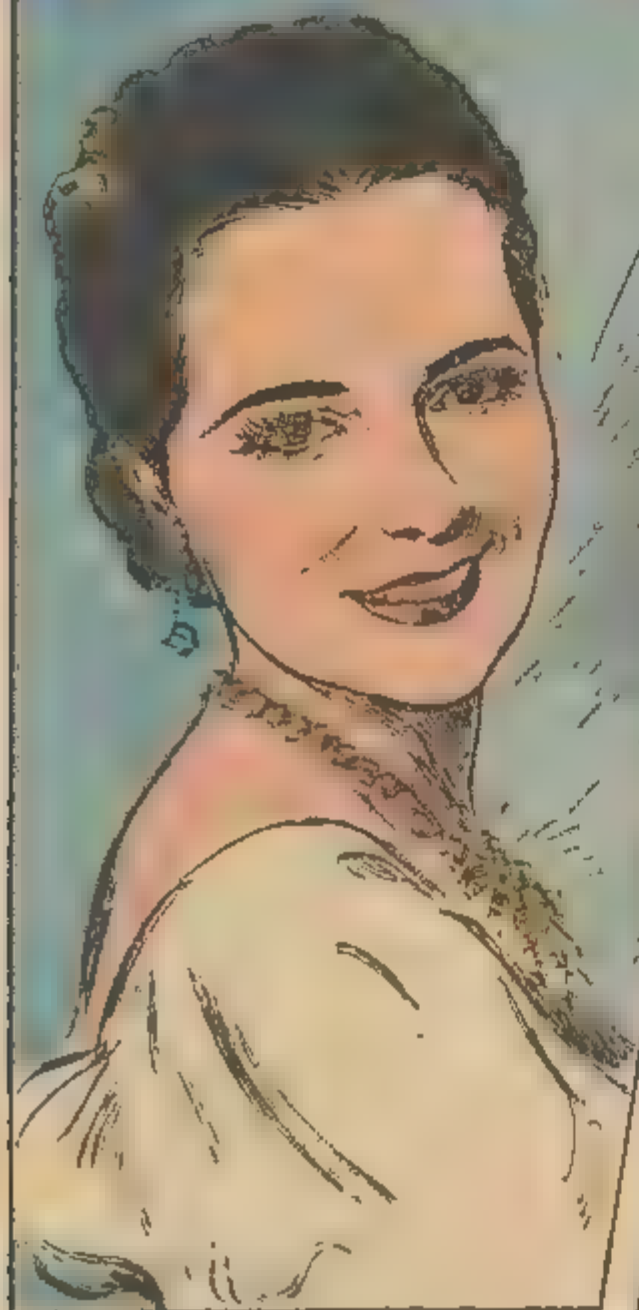
A leather belt with six matching buttons! Sue uses two buttons for earrings, one on a bracelet. Styled by Vogue Belts. At the Gadgeteria of Official Headquarters stores or write for where-to-buy.

Above, left—Simplicity Pattern 1188, teen sizes 10 to 16, 15c. Using print and plain together gives the effect of a two-piecer. You'll find exciting new spun rayon prints with matching solids in your favorite piece goods department.

Above, right—Simplicity Pattern 4961, sizes 11 to 18, 15c. It's your beloved dirndl and peasant blouse, dressed up for mid-season in plain and print combo. Black with a gay print would be dapper and in fashion—but def'

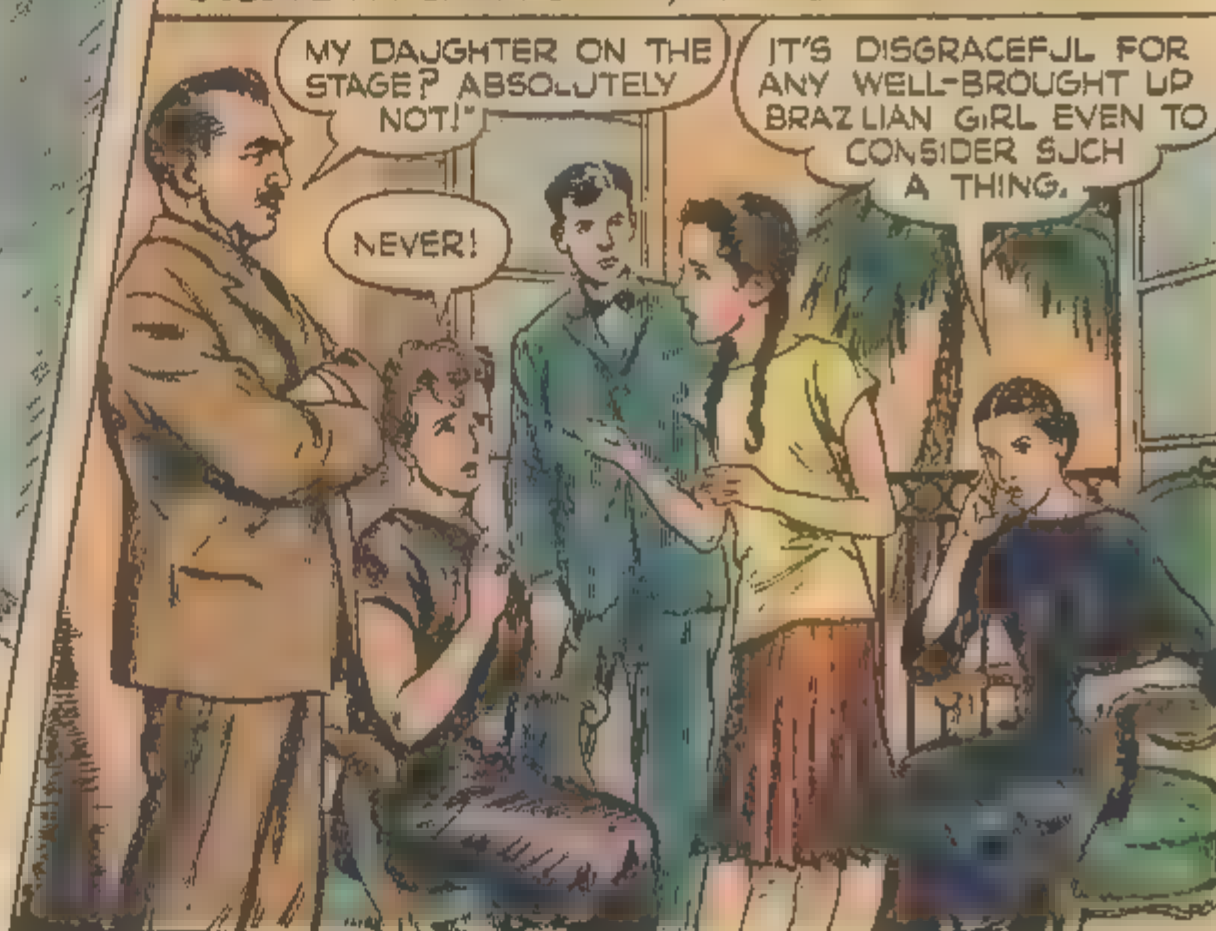
Obtain Simplicity Patterns from local dealer or send cash and order to Patterns, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

BOAST OF BRAZIL



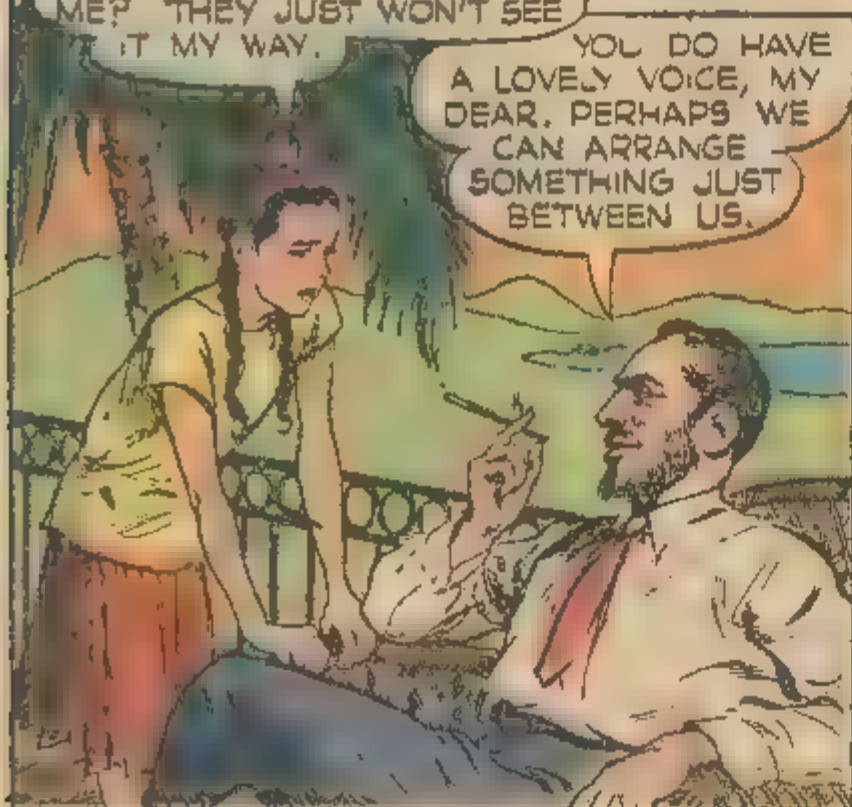
BIDU SAYAO, FROM R.O. DE JANEIRO, IS THE ONLY SOUTH AMERICAN ON THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY'S LIST OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STARS

WHEN SHE WAS FOURTEEN, BIDU DECIDED SHE WANTED TO BECOME AN OPERA SINGER, BUT CONVENTION SAID NO!



OH, UNCLE, WON'T YOU HELP ME? THEY JUST WON'T SEE IT MY WAY.

YOU DO HAVE A LOVELY VOICE, MY DEAR. PERHAPS WE CAN ARRANGE SOMETHING JUST BETWEEN US.



WITH HER UNCLE'S AID, BIDU BEGAN TO TAKE LESSONS SECRETLY FROM A NOTED TEACHER, MADAME THEODORINI.



BUT BEFORE LONG B DU TOLD HER MOTHER ABOUT THE LESSONS.

MADAME SAYS I HAVE TALENT AND-OH MOTHER, IT MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME.

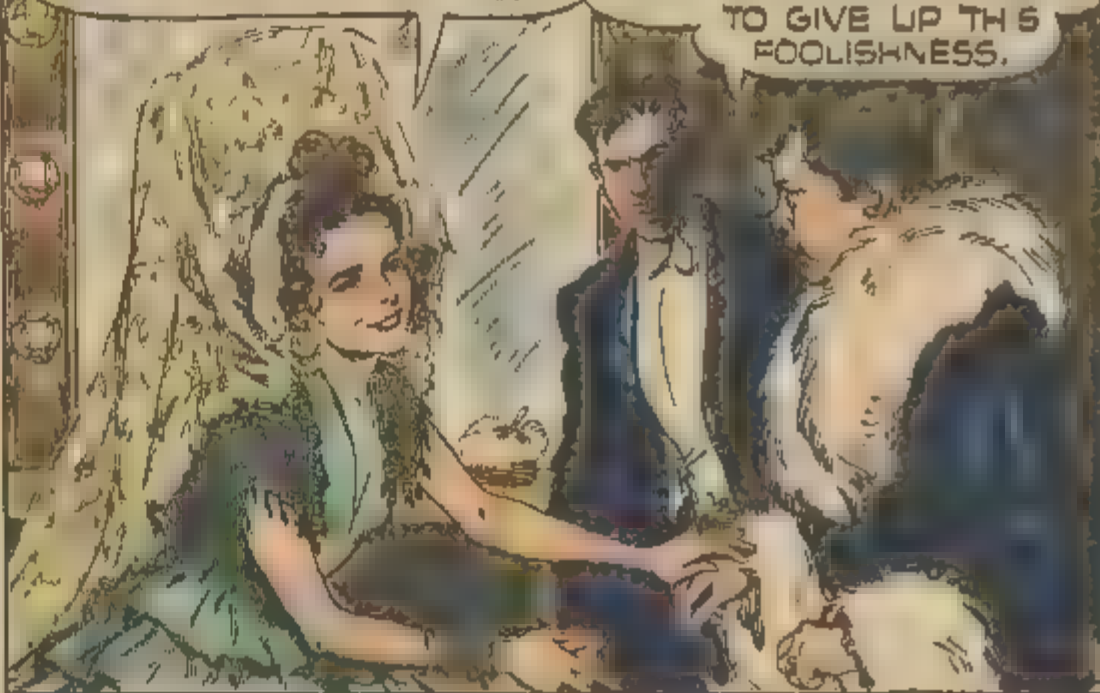
I SUPPOSE YOU WILL NEVER BE HAPPY UNLESS YOU TRY. WE WILL ARRANGE FOR YOU TO GO TO FRANCE TO STUDY.



B DU COMPLETED HER STUDIES AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN. ON THE NIGHT OF HER DEBUT IN "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE" AT THE ROYAL OPERA IN ROME...

MOTHER: HOW WONDERFUL OF YOU TO COME FOR MY DEBUT.

WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME YOUR BROTHER AND I HOPE YOU'RE READY TO GIVE UP THIS FOOLISHNESS.



TONIGHT WILL SHOW WHETHER MY SINGING IS FOOLISHNESS OR NOT. IF I'M NOT AN OUTSTANDING SUCCESS, I WILL GIVE UP SINGING AND GO HOME WITH YOU.



BUT AFTER B DU'S PERFORMANCE...

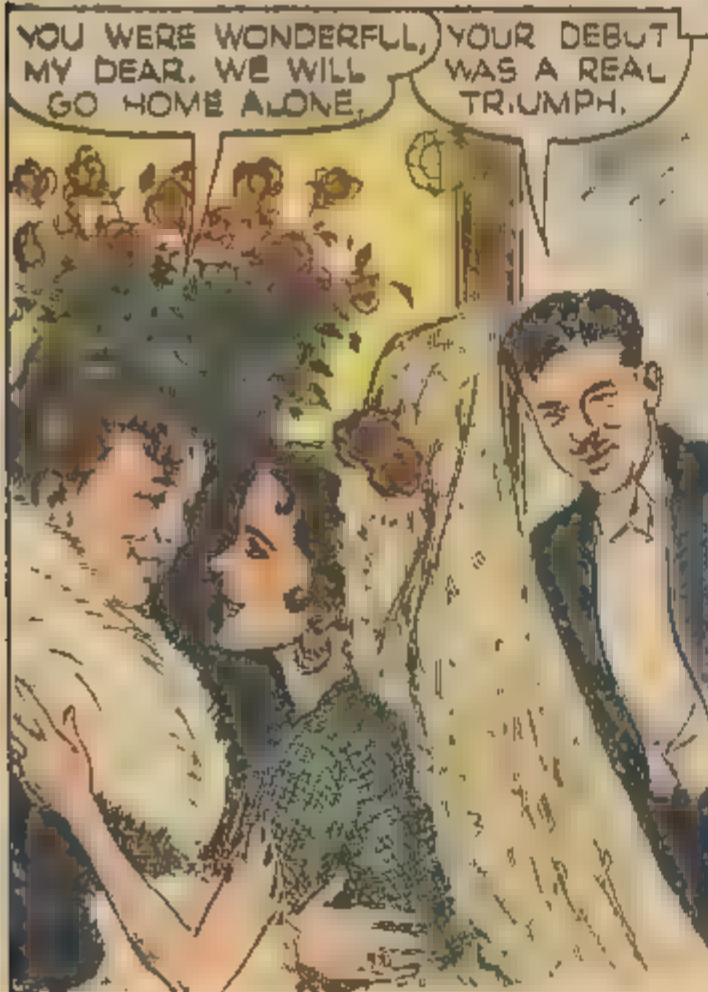
BRAVO!

BRAVO!



YOU WERE WONDERFUL, MY DEAR. WE WILL GO HOME ALONE.

YOUR DEBUT WAS A REAL TRIUMPH.



FROM THEN ON, B DU WAS ASKED TO SING IN THE FAMOUS OPERA HOUSES OF FRANCE AND ITALY. ONE NIGHT IN MILAN, WHEN B DU WAS TO SING THE ROLE OF VIOLETTA IN "LA TRAVIATA".

B DU! WHAT'S WRONG?

I FELL. I'M AFRAID I'VE SPRAINED MY ANKLE.

OH, DEAR! WHAT SHALL WE DO? YOUR UNDERSTUDY IS ILL WITH A COLD.



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO. I'LL GO ON, OF COURSE.

BUT BIDU, CAN YOU SING WITH YOUR ANKLE THROBBING?

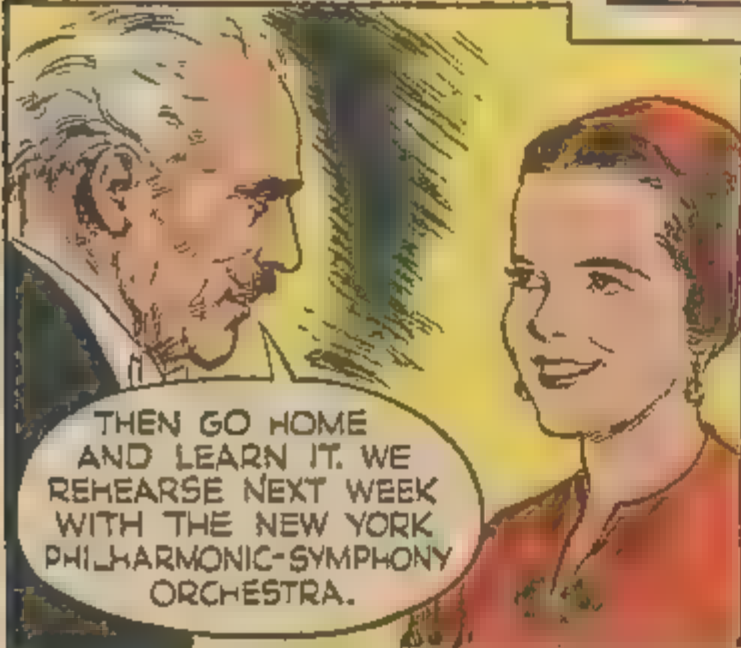
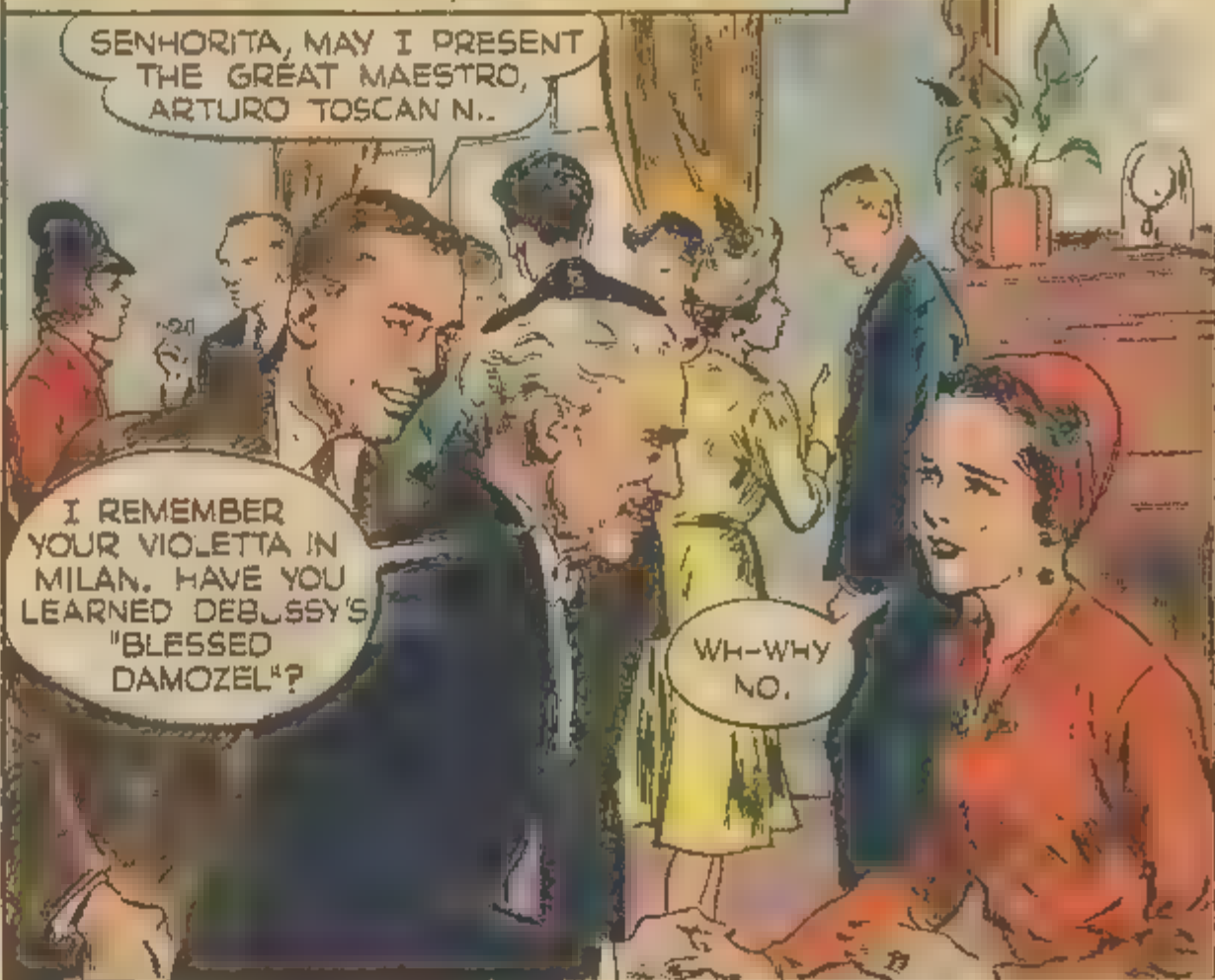


BIDU MUST HAVE SONG BEAUTIFULLY DESPITE HER PAIN, BECAUSE SEVERAL YEARS LATER, IN NEW YORK CITY...

SENHORITA, MAY I PRESENT THE GREAT MAESTRO, ARTURO TOSCANINI.

I REMEMBER YOUR VIOLETTA IN MILAN. HAVE YOU LEARNED DEBUSSY'S "BLESSED DAMOZEL"?

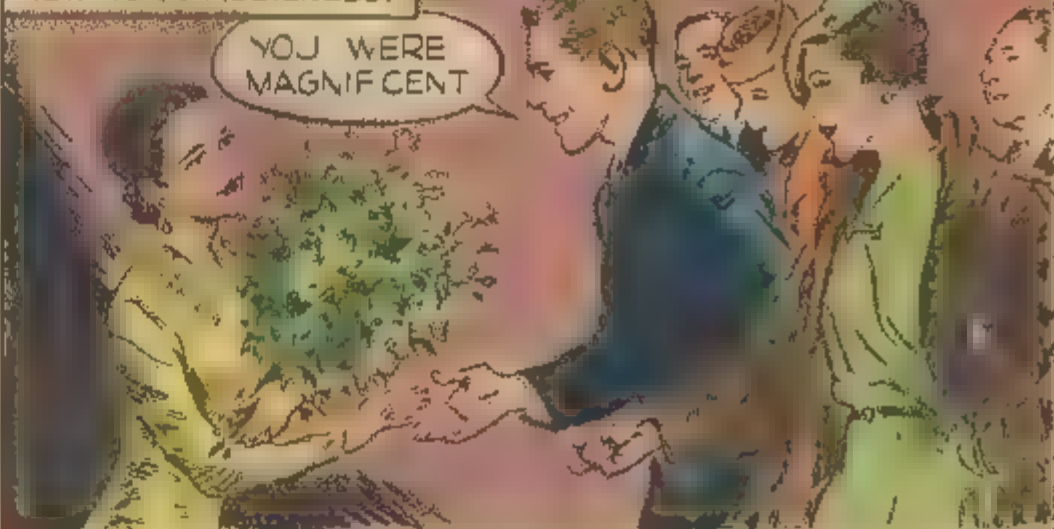
WH-WHY NO.



THEN GO HOME AND LEARN IT. WE REHEARSE NEXT WEEK WITH THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THAT PERFORMANCE IN 1936 WAS BIDU'S INTRODUCTION TO NEW YORK AUDIENCES.

YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT

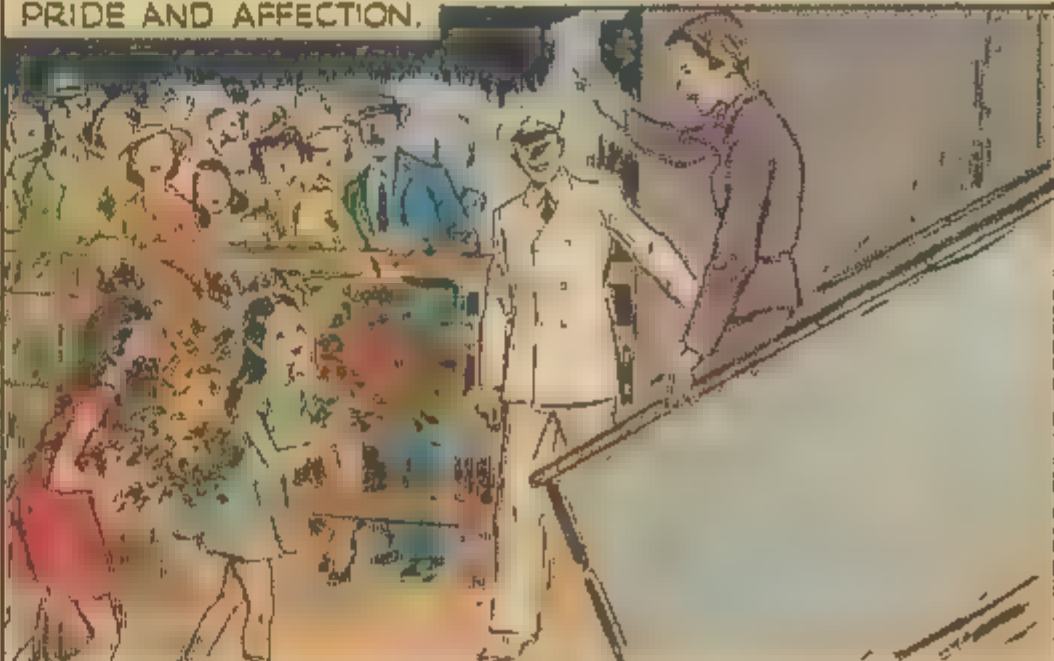


AND THIS SUCCESS LED TO A CONTRACT WITH THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

SENHORITA, YOU WILL BE THE ONLY SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN ON OUR LISTS.



AND BRAZIL NO LONGER FROWNS ON BIDU'S SINGING. SHE IS WELCOMED BY ALL OF SOUTH AMERICA WITH GREAT PRIDE AND AFFECTION.



Here's a Snazzy Combination!

Playtime Beanie & BeanBag*

Each made of the same soft, fine hatter's felt, in all of the heavenly new Spring pastel colors. This set will send you out of this atmosphere!



Imagine, only about \$2.00 each! For sale in all better millinery and children's departments, hat bars and specialty shops throughout the Nation. If your favorite store does not have Playtime Beanies & Bean Bags, ask to have them ordered for you.

*PAT. APPL'D. FOR

Bradford - Norton

2105 FIRST AVENUE, NORTH BIRMINGHAM 3, ALABAMA

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

NOW'S THE TIME to make some good fashion resolutions for 1945. And now's the time to prime your wardrobe for that winter-into-spring jump for an early Easter. Don't wait around for spring to creep up and catch you unawares in your droopy winter clothes. Look, junior, it's a New Year, so how about a new. YOU to go with it?



*Give dark winter clothes the boot—Blossom in a PASTEL SUIT!**

Ruth Uhl, 13 years old, of Philadelphia, goes springy with a pastel plaid weaskit suit and a Judy Kent shirt. Her suit, by Gordon Maid, about \$9. Ruth is one of the lucky winners of the Gimbel's, Philadelphia, CALLING ALL GIRLS Cover Girl contest.

*Well, it almost rhymes!

*A New You
for*



FITTED SWEATER styles are back—ON with that potato sack!

Dolores Trantina, above, 14-year-old Hi-Style Scout from St. Louis, discovers that belted sleeveless sweaters are T.N.T. Jerry Talmy, 16, of Chicago, tucks a wool jersey Chucker shirt by Select-Teens into her "gob"-style Joan Lord flannel skirt, and see what happens! Shirt about \$4, skirt about \$5.



Winter blues need not be chronic—
Cure them with a **PRINTED** tonic!

No wonder our wolves go for the gals in print. At left, Patricia Kinkead, 16, of Philadelphia, wears a black and pastel spun rayon confection by Gail Berk, about \$11. (Pat is another Gimbel's Philadelphia, Cover Girl winner). At right, Doris Williams, 14, of Scarsdale, New York, wears the Junorette peplum dress of Cartwright print in the new lime shade that she models on our front cover this month. About \$9. Our cover was Doris' very first modeling job! You'll be seeing her again soon.

Drawings by
BETTY BETZ

the New Year

By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor



Who would want to look like that—
Use your head and wear a **HAT!**

Those gone-with-the-wind mops are out! Smooth gals like Ruth Uhl and Pat Kinkead don't feel really dressed up without a hat. Their feather-trimmed beanie and cloche by Jr. Madcaps are just perfect for your new pastel suits.



Fashions at most of the Official Headquarters stores listed on another page.

FUN TO MAKE!



NEED NEW SCHOOL FROCK? Date dress? Make these. Jumpers are smart. Frills are gay for Spring

Send for these easy, accurate patterns today. Only 20¢ each—with complete sewing chart.

Pattern T-4835: sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 42. Size 16 takes 2½ yards 39 inch fabric, 2¼ yards binding. Blouse, 1½ yards, 35 inch fabric.

Pattern T-9148: sizes 9 to 17, 10 to 18. Size 18 takes 2¼ yards 39 inch fabric and 2 yards of contrast ruffling.

Use **STAR TWIST** Mercerized Sewing Thread—fast colors—will hold. STAR seams are 'stitched-to-stay'!



FREE

With every pattern full directions for making the newest crocheted hat and bag sets! Also preview of other smart suggestions for your Spring sewing.

AMERICAN THREAD CO., Pattern Dept. C.A.G.1
243 W. 17th St. New York 11 N. Y.

I enclose TWENTY CENTS (20¢) for each pattern checked

☐ T-4835, size

☐ T-9148, size

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

HATBOX HANDBAGS

Make 'Em



or
Buy 'Em

Thanks to Nancy Hillis Wilmette, Ill., (above, for the bright idea of making hatbox bags out of ice-cream cartons



AREN'T you in a drift about those darling hatbox handbags that all the slicker chicks are carrying? Well, drift no more, because we've tracked down two versions at "teenlined" prices, and—we've even discovered how you can make your own hatbox bag out of an empty ice-cream carton and odds and ends of fabric!

Send stamped, addressed envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for our instruction sheets on Hatbox Handbags.

Straford Barnes (above in her Petiteen dress) doesn't know which to pick—the plastic and felt bolster bag at left, under \$2, or the leather box at right by Teen Town, at about \$3. What is YOUR choice?



Three's a charm!

Bambury-Ni

**3-piece suit
100% wool shetland**

Here's your timely suit and Chesterfield, as tailored as can be - just like a career girl's. Wear them together or separately as your mood and the weather permit. Choose from six delicious colors - lime, lemon, cherry, strawberry, blueberry and grape. Sizes 10 to 16. Other Bambury Fashions in sizes 1 to 16.

At your favorite store, or write.

BAMBURY-NI FASHIONS
120 EIGHTH AVENUE NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



BOLEROS suit you perfectly!

Turnabout's very, very fair play . . .

and these bolero combinations are fairest in the land! A plaid-top suit in beige. A solid bolero and plaid skirt in lime, cherry, or maize.

And Juniorite has a way with boleros that makes 9 to 15 dream-sizes! Your favorite shop has them at the pinch-me-I'm-dreaming price of about \$15.

Juniorite, Inc. • 1359 BROADWAY NEW YORK 18 N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention *CALLING ADL. GIRLS*

Miss
Coro teen says

LILY PEARLS
SWEET STUFF FOR
PAPER DOLLS. DRESS-UP
DATE BAIT! RARE AND
LUSCIOUS—STRICTLY OUT OF
THIS WORLD!
PRICE \$1.00 EACH*



Heart-shaped collar lilies, satiny-smooth, peoni-like finished with yellow centers on a dainty gilt chain. And in between each lily a lovely unrefined pearl. Elegant—to go with dresses, suits, sweaters... Everything! Grand with party clothes.



My—how pretty you'll look in the sweetest comb you ever did see! Lush collar lilies around a cluster of unrefined pearls.

At your favorite store in the United States only

* Plus Tax

Coro

TEENS by CORO, INC. 47 WEST 34th ST., NEW YORK 1.

TRICKS for TEENS

A new \$1 for you
For a Trick that's new

Every Trick for Teens we publish will boost someone's bank account by \$1. So pull out your originality and send your idea to Ticks for Teens. CALLING ALL GIRLS 52 Vanderbilt Ave. New York 17, N.Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Sorry, we cannot acknowledge or return any.

Not Insignificant—Do you follow the trend toward using insignia? Here are some new ideas for you if you collect them. Put them on a wide, white belt.—Joanne Pines, Peekskill, N. Y. Or in V formation on your sport shirt, and on your blouse, if you have enough insignia.—Virian Fink, Philadelphia, Pa. Or you can make a large ribbon V for the wall over the head of your bed, and mount your collection on that.—Patty Dean, Sheffield, Ill.

Hair's How!—Make a date-bait wing-ding out of a long necklace wound around and held to your head with bobby pins. Fasten flowers over your brows, too, if you like.—Dorothy Yanz, Hastings, Minn. Or use the bubbles that are strung on chains—you can get them in shops—to put in your hair.—Margaret Wise, Tulsa, Okla. When you braid your hair, lay a narrow scarf across your head first braid the ends in with your pigtails, and lo! a flat-top.—Carolyn Keel, Denton, Tex. Or do the same thing with that long necklace you wore with your sweaters.—Janet Kantorik, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

What'll It Be for You?—Here are all sorts of ideas about all sorts of things. Look 'em over and decide what's for you! If your hobby is photography, where do you keep your negatives? Try keeping them in your album, slipped under the final print. Then when you want the negative of any picture, you know just where to find it.—Margaret H. Moeller, Kansas City,

AN ORIGINAL
"Sally Mason"
CREATION

Get all ruffled up, "she ruff" and see how pretty you look in this SALLY MASON blouse with eyelet embroidery. Soft as a Southern accent and just as irresistible—no doctress! It's a glamor new accent. Rayon crepe in white only. Sizes 9 to 15, 16 to 18. Around \$4.00.

Sally Mason
175 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Your Choice for Quality Today and Tomorrow—Sally Mason Blouses

Mo. Some bright day, carry a large mirror out into the yard. Prop it with its back to the sun, pose to your liking in front of it, focus your camera on your own reflection, and it's as simple as that to take your own picture!—*Janean Wiese, Fort Dodge, Iowa.* If you want a new hobby, why not design and furnish rooms on a small scale? Get a fairly large cardboard box and lay a carpet, paper the walls, make cardboard furniture, etc. It's swell for helping the imagination in spare moments.—*Mary Williams, Pasco, Wash.* Do you go for unusual stationery? Get a book of household labels and tag the upper left-hand corner of your paper "Poison," "Handle with Care," or "Fragile." If the book happens to have the alphabet in it, you can have monogrammed stationery, too.—*Betty Morrison, Hartsville, Ind.* And make your own bright post cards by cutting that very thin colored cardboard the size of a government postal card. All it needs then is a one-cent stamp and it's ready to carry your message!—*Nancy Fairley, Raleigh, N. C.* Save your dimes for War Stamps—and who isn't making that a hobby?—in one of those clever little ration token holders that look like lipstick cases.—*Patronienne McNaucy, Long Beach, Calif*

HEAR, HEAR!

BE sure to listen every week to your own Fashion Editor Nancy Pepper, Jenny Jabberwocky, and dramatizations of your favorite stories on the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air. Exciting guest stars, too! Stores which sponsor the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio program offer special styles, gadgets, and fashion shows especially for you. Be a slick chick—join the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club! If no store near you has the program yet, write and tell us which one is your favorite for teen fashions. Address Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

See page 64 for the name of the store that brings you your special program, and check with its teen department for the time and station of the broadcast.



This is
RED GOOSE
Style Number 3785



Sure thing! Style-hep slick chicks know Red Goose Shoes are right on the beam. Swell with socks or frocks. Great for comfort, too. With all the rest, you'll say: "They're half the fun of having feet."

RED GOOSE DIVISION
International Shoe Company
St. Louis, Mo.

This is
RED GOOSE
Style Number 3150

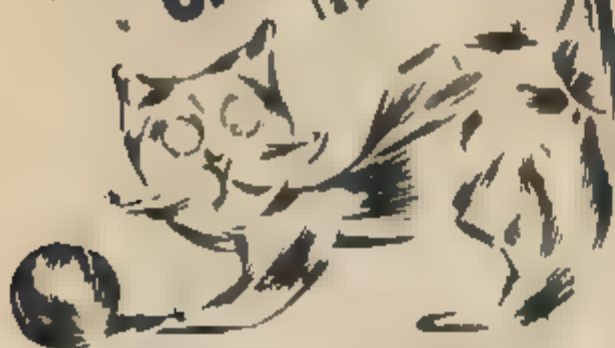


Red Goose SHOES

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

Reigning CATS and DOGS

lapel pins



**FROLICKING
FELIX PIN**
Plays ball
on your lapel

**FEARLESS
FIDO PIN**
Guards
your lapel



\$1.

plus 20%
Federal Tax.

Right as rain and
twice as cute. Pedigreed snazz for dress
or lapel. Pyrex glass
animals in luscious
colors of Aqua, To-
paz, Amethyst and
Rose.

Designed by
ACCESSOCRAFT GADGETERIA

389 Fifth Ave.,

New York 16, N. Y.

At Your Favorite Store or Write to Us

big sister wears

a **Bali Bra...**

why don't you?

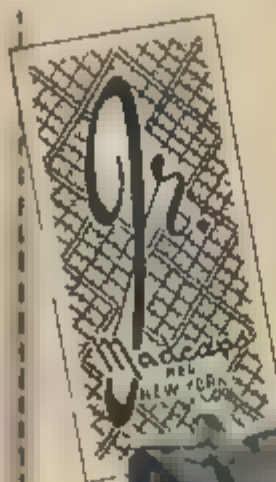


Yes, there is a **BALI**
Bra designed for
your type of figure, to give you that
smooth, well-groomed look even
when you're wearing a Sloppy Joe.
And it's priced to fit your budget, too.

Look for this trade mark—
in every genuine Bali Bra

BALI Brassiere Co., Inc.

8 West 30th Street • New York 1, N. Y.



Madcap Cloche

Another fashion bullseye!
All-over stitched felt. Ad-
justable. Red, kelly, brown,
grey-mix spice, black, navy,
fuchsia. About 4.00 Look
for the JR Madcaps label
in your city's leading stores.

MADCAPS CO.

28 W 39th St.

New York

GOOD SPORTS IN WINTER

(Continued from page 17)

danger of your running down
the people ahead of you? You'll
be a lot more popular with
other sports fans if you do!
Skating, as you probably know,
has its own courtesies; the bet-
ter skaters usually take the
middle of the ice, and the out-
side is left as a practice zone
for beginners who would be
literally upset if a figure skater
should do a sudden jump turn
too near them.

One last word about prac-
tical things: Take care of your
equipment. Make sure that
your skates are sharp; many a
potentially good skater has
progressed much more slowly
than necessary because of dull,
uneven blades. Wipe your
skate blades dry each time
after using them, unless they're
the chromium kind that won't
rust. Treat sled runners with
the same care—Junior won't
love you if you let his sled rust
when you borrow it. Wax your
skis frequently to keep the
wood in good condition. Make
sure that the leather of skate
shoes or ski straps is well oiled;
saddle soap is reliable, or you
may be a real enthusiast and
get neat's-foot oil. And at the
end of the season—you'll be
sorry when it comes!—put your
equipment away carefully.
That means that next year
you'll be all set to go when the
first chance comes!

Once you've discovered the
thrill that comes of doing any
of the things which the magic
words "winter sports" suggest,
you'll never again find yourself
spending long, dull days in-
doors when there's snow on the
ground and the ice is good. The
glorious feeling of floating on
air that comes after a surpris-
ingly short time when you're
learning to skate, the thrill of
speeding on skis down a hill
beautifully bedecked in white,
the flashing speed of sled or
toboggan, the gay comradeship
of a sleigh ride—these are the
rewards for a little effort and
care, and these make winter
sports fans some of the health-
iest and happiest people alive.

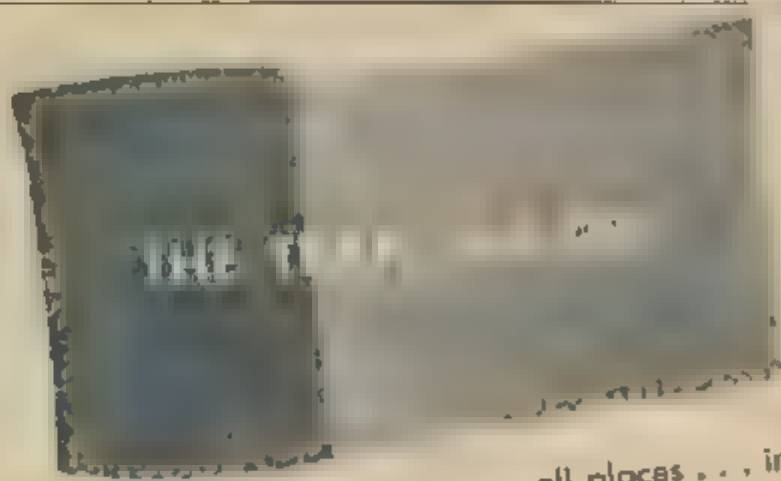


orchids...lots of 'em!

A whoop 'n' holler size square, 36 inches each way, in-a hand-rolled orchid print. We knew you'd go for it, so we've done it in a thrilling variety of colors. Smooth diagonal rayon twill. At fine stores everywhere. About \$3

"Send for 'Head Square Into High Fashion', new hair-do booklet.

Scarves by Kimball 9 EAST 38th STREET • NEW YORK 16, N. Y



And you'll go places . . . all places . . . in this cordigan suit with a smooth blazer jacket! A wear-everywhere 100% all wool herringbone weave that's just the ticket for dates or duty. So tailored! So right! And in melon, mint, aqua, powder or maize. Sizes 10 to 16. Under \$18.00 (yes, you heard us) at your favorite store.

derby SPORTSWEAR, INC.
1333 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



Easy to set your own hair

with the new
HOLD-BOB Curling Kit

Simple!

First wind a strand of hair on the one-piece plastic curler.

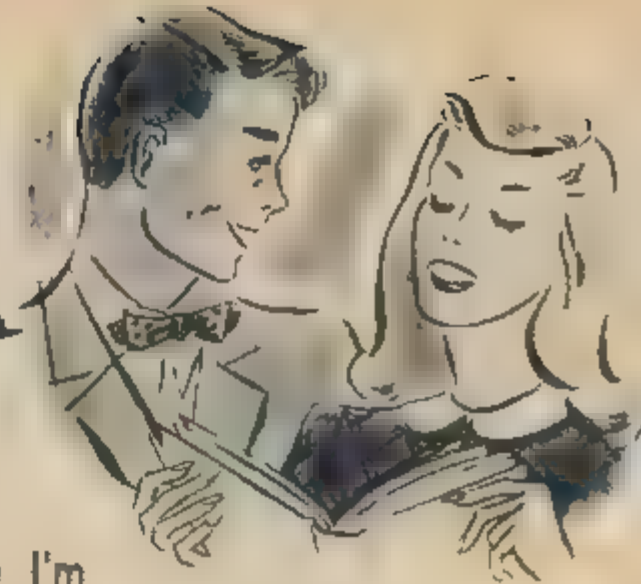
Quick!

Then slip bobby pin onto curl, and slide curler out. That's all! The bobby pins hold the curl. You can set your hair and go right out.

THE Hold-Bob patented curling kit is new and different. One simple, durable kit does your whole head again and again. Each kit contains a supply of genuine Hold-Bobs—"the bobby pins that hold."



Face Facts!



The old jingle says, "My face, I don't mind it, because I'm behind it," but what girl would agree with that!

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

WE all yearn for a luscious peaches-and-cream skin, smooth and flawless. But few of us have had it bestowed by a generous fairy godmother. Most of us are plagued in greater or less degree by such problems as blackheads, oiliness, dryness, and "hickeys." Well, moaning about it will work no miracles, so let's get busy and improve the situation. And you with the perfect complexion—don't you go away either! Because you need to take care of your skin, too, else fairy godmother's touch may lose its magic.

THESE ARE DAILY MUSTS

SOAP AND WATER washing at bedtime. If you use make-up, you may want to cleanse your face with cream first, wipe off and then wash.

PLENTY OF SLEEP—not less than nine to ten hours a night.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE—hard enough to work up a glow.

LOTS OF WATER to drink, plus a pint—preferably more—of milk.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, both raw and cooked. Many complexion problems may be traced to a diet lacking these essentials, or overbalanced by sweets and starches.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT—

BLACKHEADS. They usually occur around the nose or on chin or forehead, where the skin glands are active. Blackheads may be caused by an excessively rich or greasy diet, so go very light on candy, cake, pies, ice cream, sodas, gravy, and fried foods, and especially chocolate and iodized salt. Surface treatment must be gentle but

persistent. Soap and warm water washing both night and morning. Once a week do an extra-thorough job. Use a little tincture of green soap instead of your usual toilet soap, working the lather into the blackhead areas with the cushiony tips of your fingers, a clean washcloth, or a very soft complexion brush. Rinse well with warm water. Or use one of the specially prepared blackhead "treatments"—a medicinal ointment, or a cleansing meal or other "friction" wash. If you're very careful, you may gently press out blackheads after they've been softened by the warm water or cream. Never, never squeeze with the fingernails or any hard instrument yourself, although a doctor may do so. Use the fleshy tips of your fingers, with a tissue or cotton. If the blackheads don't come out easily, let them go till another time. Finish off with antiseptic lotion to close the pores and soothe the irritated skin. Don't try to cover up blackheads with heavy make-up—you'll only make the condition worse.

OILY SKIN. Wash your face both night and morning, using mild soap and tepid water. Avoid extremely hot or cold water which tend to stimulate the glands still further. A mild corrective skin lotion may be used. Watch that diet! Too-rich food shows up pronto in the condition of your skin.

DRY SKIN. Yes, you, too, should wash your face, though cream-cleansing first is good. You may also find it advisable to use a "super-fatted" soap. Rinse well and always dry thoroughly. At bedtime, smooth on just a touch of good face cream, spreading it over the cheeks, under the eyes, under the chin, or wherever the skin is very dry and flaky, but don't go to bed looking like a greased pig! Also at night, apply camphor ice or pomade to soften dry lips. In the morning, a splash

of almost-cool water and a thorough drying, plus an application of soothing lotion. A protective cream or lotion should be used if you're going to be out in cold, windy weather—and either colorless pomade or good lipstick, to keep your lips from chapping.

ACNE AND PIMPLES. If you have very persistent eruptions, and a lot of them, on your face, chest, or back, you really should see your doctor about it. An acne condition may be due to glandular changes, digestive problems, or a local skin infection, and he can probably prescribe something to help correct it.

However, if you have only occasional pimples, or if they appear in bunches once in a while, you can help yourself. The "daily musts" are extra important, and be sure to use an immaculately clean washcloth and towel and wash twice a day. One of the new sulphonated oils may be used for cleansing—they are recommended because they leave the skin in a neutral or slightly acid condition.



less susceptible to infection. A soothing antiseptic preparation will relieve the burning and itching and speed healing; a lotion containing sulphur is good. When a pimple comes to a head, you may very gently press out the pus, with a fingertip on either side of it, protected with cleansing tissue. Wipe off, and apply an antiseptic. And then let it alone! Never scratch or pick at skin eruptions—it's a fine way to cause ugly scars or even dangerous infection. Doctors advise against using make-up over unhealed spots, but some of the antiseptic preparations are thick enough to help conceal blemishes, and they're tinted flesh color, too.

It's the simplest foods for you, if you're subject to "hickies." Every time you're tempted to eat a big, luscious chocolate or other rich tidbit, remember that it's likely to blossom out on your chin!

All this may sound like old stuff. There's no magic way to achieve a lovely complexion, but faithful skin care gains its coveted reward



See Jane's stockings!

Poor Jane—runs seem to come for "no reason at all!"

Now see Joan's!

Joan rarely gets a stocking run! The reason is Lux care!

The difference is LUX!

YES, Luxing stockings *does* make a difference in their wear—strain tests have proved this. Luxing actually cut down runs 50%. Stockings rubbed with cake soap and those washed with a strong soap went into runs ever so much more easily.

Gentle Lux saves stocking elasticity... that's why the delicate threads can stand constant strain. That's why Luxed stockings fit better, too. Lux your stockings nightly—dry rays on at least 24 hours



OVER 90% OF THE MAKERS OF STOCKINGS RECOMMEND LUX



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Be the first of your chums to make a pinwheel nosegay lay a flowered Burmel handkerchief out flat — take the end of a pencil and twirl in the center of the handkerchief—holding the under side and then fasten to your waist. They'll think you're quite a whiz.



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MIRRO-PACK sling this leather carry-all onto your waistline! It sports a handsome mirror and carries your charm aids \$2.00 and pennies both!



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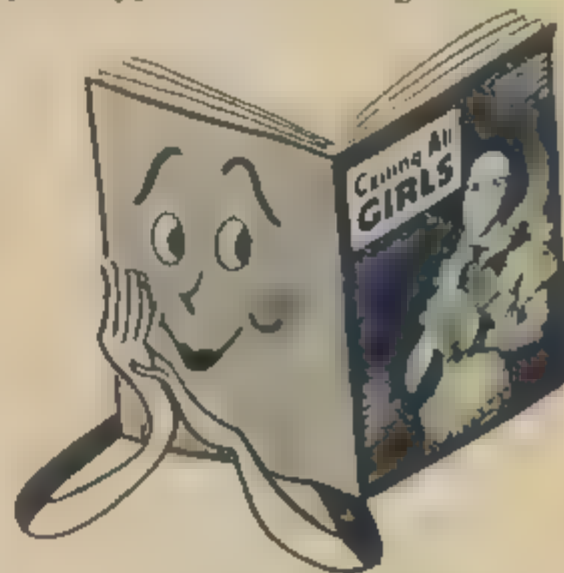
E. K. WERTHEIMER & SON

NOW WE KNOW YOU

LETTER!

(Continued from page 7)

of people reading the magazine, we're happy to report that statistics show that each copy of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** is read by an average of 3.6 girls, 1.1 adults, and .8 boy. In other words, we can boast more than five readers per copy—do we feel good!



YOUR MAGAZINE

Evidently **CALLING ALL GIRLS** is tops with all of you. Every feature in your magazine is the favorite of some readers. Naturally, some girls prefer one type of feature, others another. And that's as it should be, for it takes all kinds of features to make a magazine just as it takes all kinds of readers to make a magazine audience. So those of you who like the stories best of all can remember that others prefer the comics and still others rate other features first. A balance is what we strive to achieve, and evidently we've succeeded, because you seem to think the magazine is practically perfect as it is, for your chief suggestion for improvement is that we give you more of the same. We agree—and we're only waiting until necessary wartime regulations permit us to use more paper. Watch us then! Meanwhile, we're very happy about the whole thing.—The Editors.

Don't Worry

if your magazine is somewhat late in reaching you. The war affects magazine publishing as well as everything else. Not only must the use of paper be limited, but sometimes printing and mailing are unavoidably delayed. Just be patient—we do our best to get **CALLING ALL GIRLS** to you promptly.

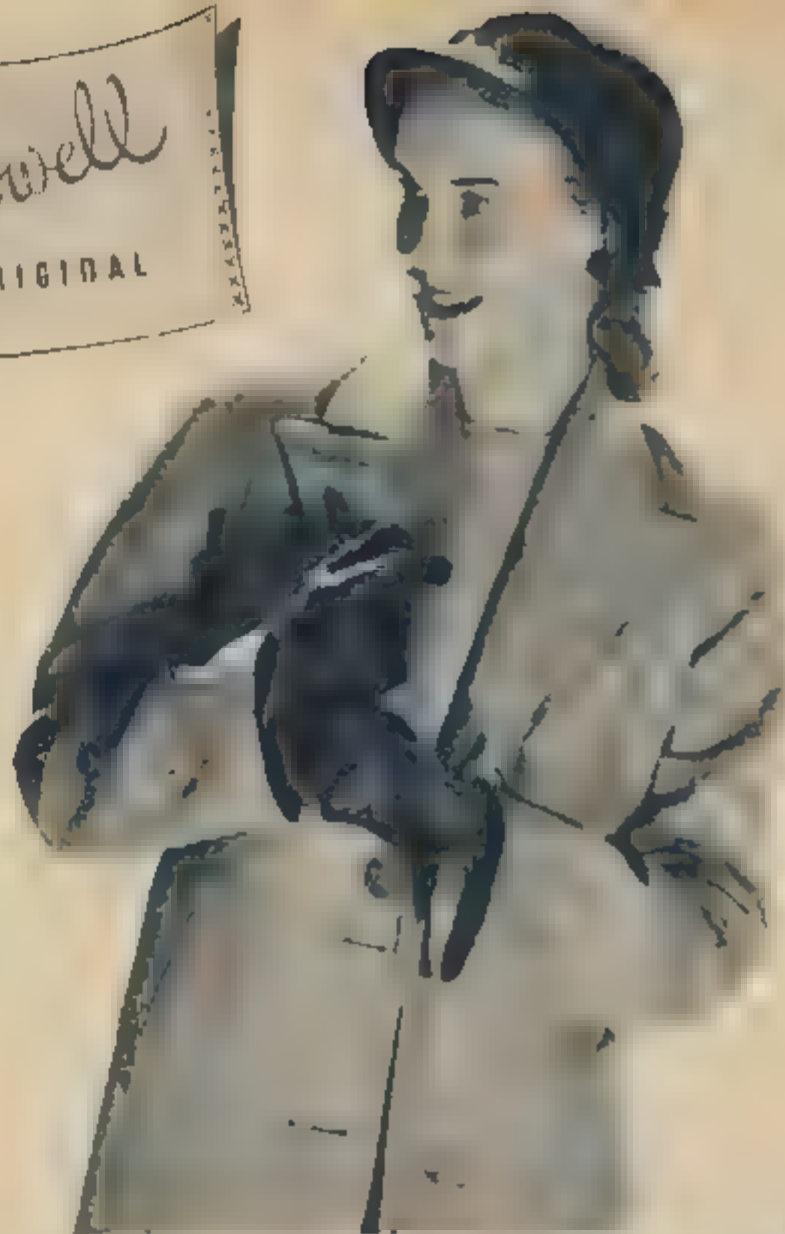


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Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I am a sophomore in high school. Our high school has a serious problem. You cannot be a success unless you have a lot of money or live in a certain section of town. The student council is all composed of this bunch. I run around with a nice bunch, but we never can get any place. We are well dressed; we're not particularly unattractive. Our parents have pretty good jobs and we have nice homes. I am asking you not for myself but for hundreds of other kids. What should we do?—Elizabeth J., aged 14½. Indiana.

WE wonder whether there is a system of elections in Elizabeth's school? It should be possible for the students to choose and nominate candidates on the basis of fitness for office and to make known why various young people should be considered eligible. High schools are good places to have experiences in the democratic process practiced in our regular political elections.

All good citizens would agree that any other-side-of-the-tracks division in apportioning opportunities for participation in school life would be most un-American and should not be tolerated. Neither homes nor schools should permit girls and boys to believe that they cannot be successful or can "never get anywhere" unless . . . On the contrary, Elizabeth and her friends should take a positive rather than a defeatist attitude. When elections are at hand, they should propose good candidates and make it known in what ways these candidates would be desirable for the offices in question. As for clubs and other school activities, students who take an active interest and make real contributions will natur-

ally be sought as leaders. In other words, Elizabeth and her friends should take some of the responsibility of gaining their desired goals themselves and not expect those who are now "successes" to open the path for them.

There is always the question of where a girl wants to get and what she means by success. We believe she will have gone quite far if she is a respected, useful, intelligent, well-informed member of her school. She need not try to be all things to all people. It is natural that there should be high school groups based on special interests; but it is not desirable to have divisions along economic or social lines. Especially should there be no exclusive groups which are permitted to control school activities.

There is such a thing as "organized friendliness." This is a matter which takes doing something about. Jane and Sue offer to teach Bess some new dance steps before the big high school hop; Mary offers the family living room for the history club meeting. General auditions are called for the glee club. A group of students (like Elizabeth and her friends) are troubled about a problem so they ask for a hearing with the principal or with a committee of parents and teachers. Miss Brown, a teacher,

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

notices that Kitty, a newcomer at school, seems to feel left out and lonely; she suggests that Louise invite this girl to a meeting or introduce her to her pals. This kind of "organized friendliness" often breaks through cliques. Working and playing together help to remove artificial barriers, often building and cementing fine friendships. These are just some suggestive "devices." More important than anything done or not done is the complete acceptance by the students of the idea that they wish to respect and support one another—those like themselves and those who, in certain ways, may be different.

My mother works in a war plant and I do all I can to help her. My main duty is to do the dishes, clean the two bedrooms, and dust the living room and dining room. The only time I have free is Saturday so I promise my friends I will be ready most generally at 2 P.M. When Saturday comes I hurry with my work so I'll be ready on time. And just when I'm about to leave my mother finds so many errands for me to do that it's too late to go anywhere. My mother always taught me that when I made a promise I was to keep it, but how can I keep my promises if this keeps up?—Mary R., aged 14, New York.

MARY is right when she says that promises are important. We should not give our word in haste and we need not forget to qualify a promise if there is even a slight doubt that it can be kept. For instance, a girl might promise a friend, "I'll go over that algebra homework with you if I get my Latin assignment finished in time." But even when these saving little "ifs" are added, one must allow for unpredictable events. With the best intentions in the world, a promiser might be faced with an emergency, an out-of-town visitor, a sudden illness. In all such cases she might well ask to be released from a promise. Other things being equal, it is a wonderful thing to be able to count absolutely on another's word.

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(OF CONFIDENCE)



ALL DRESSED UP to go to the most-fun party of the year... and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off and put that Pierrette costume back on the hanger... or does it?

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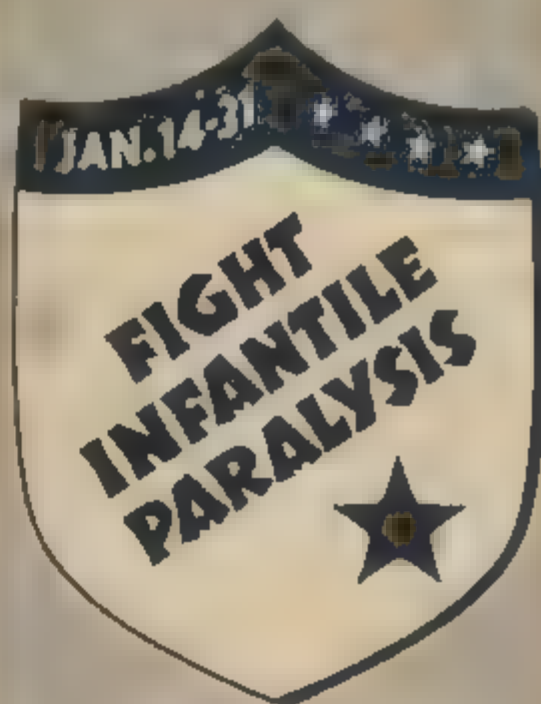
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Mary and her mother could hang a weekly calendar on the kitchen wall, for example; they could sit down together and list the jobs to be done by one, the other, or both, and fill in spaces for recreation-time as well. If Saturday afternoons are to be Mary's, the calendar notations should allow for this. Sometimes tasks may be omitted in favor of some special events, for adjustments of this kind are often more important than the jobs. So that Mary's mother may be helped to remember all the household articles needed and all the errands that must not be overlooked on Saturdays, she and Mary might make it a special point to check up on things on Friday night. There may be other members of the family who could help with a few chores. In every home understanding each other's problems and little human shortcomings, careful planning, and plenty of mutual good will go much further than anger and resentment.

WE have had many letters from teen-age girls who wonder whether they are children or grownups. They really are neither. No one should expect them to be completely mature in all ways at the same

Sally Catherine M. Martindale.
My Commission expires March 30, 1943.



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time, for growth usually takes place quite unevenly. Before determining what to expect of which girl and when, one would have to know about her health, her personality, and her character; and also what have been her experiences—as a home body, a student, a friend, a young citizen. Moreover, customs differ among families and groups. What may be considered desirable and proper in certain circles at given times may be thought of as outlandish—or at least very inappropriate—elsewhere. A girl must give herself time to develop assurance and to learn social skills.

How should Anne behave toward family visitors? Lots of times she will probably prefer to stay in her room to do homework, listen to the radio, read, or converse with a pal. Some family guests do not seem at all exciting to young girls. There are occasions when the girl in the house may agree to come in just to help with refreshments. Some guests, of course, are most attractive and interesting, and they are friendly to and understanding of young people. One girl we know used to ask her parents, "Why don't you invite So-and-So and her husband again? They're my idea of regular people!"

Mother and Dad may not always want daughter—or son—to be around when there are guests. It might be a good idea to talk things over and decide about this matter in advance. A girl should know when to fade out, with a cordial good night at the proper time. With regard to entering into the conversation, some grownups help to make this natural and easy; they don't ask a lot of "nosey" or "embarrassing" questions; they show an awareness that a girl has an idea or two in her head and opinions that are worth listening to. Other adults like to do more talking than listening. Watching what parents do about various guests should provide some helpful hints in learning about hospitality and good social relationships. Experiences pave the way for increasing confidence.

"THEY USED TO CALL ME Bouncing Betty!"

—laughs Betty Parker of Tuckahoe, N. Y.

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"I was always the one left out! When the other girls went dancing, riding, skating, biking, I moped at home," says Betty Parker. "No wonder! I weighed 187! Then I read of the DuBarry Success Course. . . earned the money for it myself. And just four months later I was down to 135. The change made me one of the crowd asked to go places. . . counted in when plans were afoot. And I feel grand. So now—instead of singing the blues, I sing the praises of DuBarry!"

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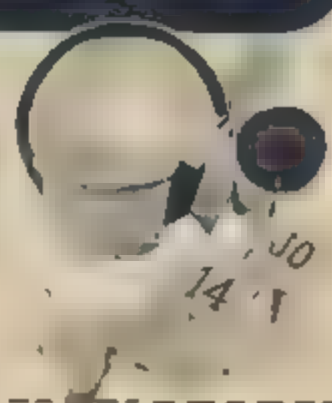
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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO READERS

IN ACCORDANCE with the government's regulations that all publishers use much less paper this year, we are combining two of our monthly issues of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. This is a combined January-February issue. Our next issue will be the March issue and will be out the middle of February. Our subscribers will receive the full number of copies to which they are entitled, each issue counting as ONE although it may be dated for two months. We hope that you will enjoy each new issue just as much as always, even if you have to wait somewhat longer than usual to get it.

—THE PUBLISHERS.

COOKIE LEARNS WHAT'S RIGHT WITH RICE

(Continued from page 36)

The kick in rice cookery is the way it can work as a background for other flavors, tomatoes, cheese, onions, nuts, raisins. It's this that has made it the basis for many famous dishes.

TOMATO SAUCE WITH RICE

Take your plain boiled rice and pour over it tomato sauce made from concentrated canned tomato soup. With rice, 1 cup raw makes 3 cups boiled. For sauce for 3 cups, which will serve 6 moderate or 4 hearty eaters, heat 1 can of tomato soup, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water and 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Pour over rice. On top of this you can sprinkle 3 or 4 tablespoons of grated cheese and serve as is, or put it in a baking dish and finish off by browning lightly in a hot oven, about 10 minutes at 400°

BROWN SAUCE WITH RICE

Do the same trick with a can of beef gravy, only this won't need to be thinned with water. Simply heat it, pour over the rice, and sprinkle crisp chopped salted almonds or peanuts over the top.

RICE COOKED IN BROTH

This is a wonderful trick. Put 3 cups of broth (canned chicken, canned beef broth, canned consommé or madrilene) into the top of your double boiler and bring to a good rolling boil. Stir in 1 cup of washed rice and cook 5 minutes over direct heat. Then set it over boiling water (in the bottom of the double boiler) and let it cook, stirring frequently, for 45 minutes. Don't salt without first tasting, for most canned soups are sufficiently salty.

This takes to all kinds of trick additions. Put in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of raisins when you set the rice to cook over the double boiler. Or add 1 cup of chopped celery when you first put the rice into the boiling water. Brown $\frac{1}{2}$ medium-sized, chopped or sliced, onion in 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine while the rice is cooking and stir in when rice is done. Or stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated cheese at the very end and continue heating just long enough to melt the cheese.

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CALLING ALL GIRLS

Jan-February 1945

CONTENTS

The Dress	5
Now We Know You BETTER!	7
Tovarishch Dyevushka	8
Double Exposure Mystery	10
Good Sports in Winter	14
Movies of the Month	18
How to Get Your Man	20
Girls in the News	22
Fredericka of the Maquis	23
The Winning of Dark Boy	27
Wild Geese and Bombers	30
The Victory Club	32
Cookie Learns What's Right with Rice	36
Judy Wing	38
Simplicity Sue Cuts Up in Print	43
Boast of Brazil	44
A New You for the New Year	48
Hatbox Handbags	50
Tricks for Teens	52
Face Facts	56
Let's Talk Things Over	58

CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by CALLING ALL GIRLS, INC., a subsidiary of the publishers of Parents' Magazine—52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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TOVARISHCH DYEYUSHKA

(Continued from page 9)

as it could because the people were not working together. Wherever there's something to be done, girls are helping to do it!

While the girls and boys are still in school, they are trained in skills useful in war and peace; schools have their own workshops, which make and sell everything from small arms parts to civilian underwear. Even the younger children help in them and in school gardens; high school students usually work from two to four hours after school at light factory jobs. Most of the school children who aren't old enough to work with the Komsomols belong to the Young Pioneers, an organization somewhat like our Scouts. Before the war, Pioneer clubhouses were among the best-equipped buildings of most of the cities and large towns. Wherever the Nazis came the clubhouses were destroyed, but they are rapidly repaired as the Russians retake their land. With swimming pools, libraries, clubrooms and grounds, the Pioneer houses are centers for varied activities. Young Pioneers do many things, from making plans for school classes to spend the summer working on farms to producing plays written by the members.

Even in the midst of war, the Russian people have not forgotten gaiety and beauty. In the most desperate days of the invasion of the Soviet Union, Polina Timoshina and her friends made over a deserted house into a center like our teen canteens. Their fun center soon became a recreation center for the entire village, which was near the German lines, and gave new hope and courage to everyone in it. Everywhere, holidays are joyously celebrated, perhaps with the help of gifts sent from America through Russian War Relief or the American Junior Red Cross. Girls and boys from nine to twelve find fun in belonging to the Timurites, a half-secret club that runs errands for busy war

workers, helps out in homes, renders many other services, and at the same time makes a game out of its work through mysterious passwords and plans.

Young Russia is eager for beauty and wisdom. The students at the ballet school keep up their practice so that the traditional beauty of the Russian ballet will not be lost. And the executive secretary of the Komsomols told Maurice Hindus, the American author, "No matter what Hitler and his gangsters do, they will never make us hate the great writers, scientists, and musicians of Germany. They are far more dear to us than they are to the Nazis. Our youth must know the best that has been said and thought by the great minds of the world."

The same love of beauty made the young people of Kirov, in 1943, put on a drive to remind the worried and overworked people of the city that they'd feel better if they tried to look better. "Pretty up!" was the slogan, and lipsticks were the symbols. Although some of the oldsters scolded at first about "the wickedness of wasting time on your appearance when there's war work to do," the citizens finally admitted that their children were right—they really did feel better when they had "prettied up." In big and little ways, the love of laughter and beauty is kept alive.

Maurice Hindus asked a group of young Russians what they were working toward at school, in factories, on farms, and in all they do. They answered at once, "A Europe of peace and without Fascism." With bright hope, clear aims, and trained minds and hands, Russian young people like Nina the lathe-operator, Polina of the teen canteens, Maria of the farm, and Nadya the bricklayer (appropriately, "Nadya" means "hope") are building a better new world out of the fragments that are left by war.

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